

OUR MENTALLY UNBALANCED TEACHERS

By EMIL ALTMAN, M.D.

ABC OF SABOTAGE

By JAN VALTIN, Author of *Out of the Night*

APRIL 1941

The American Mercury



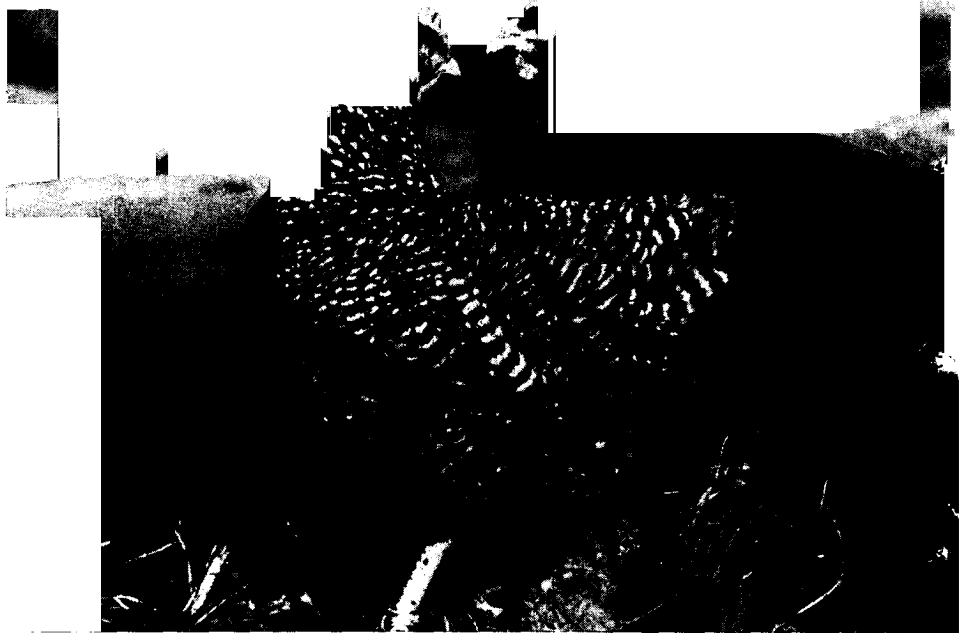
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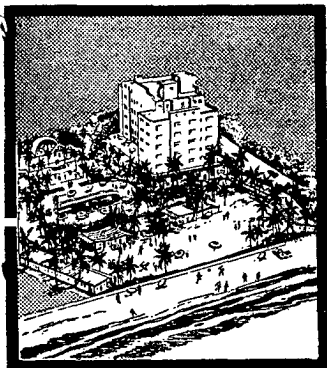
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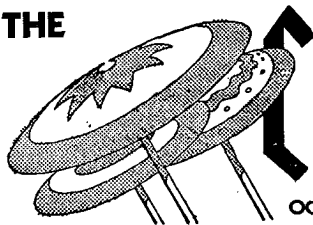
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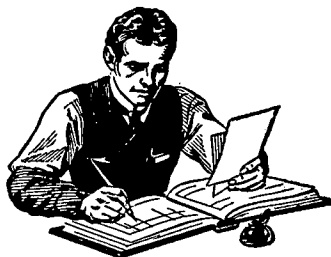
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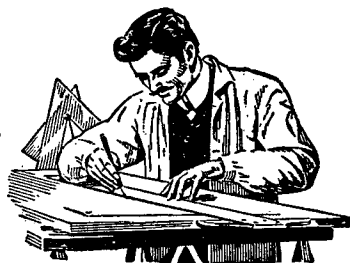
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OUR MENTALLY UNBALANCED TEACHERS

BY EMIL ALTMAN, M.D.

Retired Chief Medical Examiner, New York City School System

A MIDDLE-AGED teacher, of Amazonian proportions, accused the school custodian of sending up ether fumes through the radiator pipes to suffocate her. When I visited the school I found her sitting in a chair propped up against the wall, wearing her hat and heavy winter overcoat, although the temperature in the room was a normal 70 degrees. When I questioned her, she whispered hoarsely, as though afraid of being overheard:

"Don't you see how cold it is here? I'm freezing. In winter the janitor sends up cold weather to freeze me to death; in summer he sends hot weather to broil me alive. Now he wants to poison me. Smell the ether?"

Two of the pupils testified that they smelt ether constantly; other members of the class agreed with them. When I observed that the air seemed fresh to me, and that the room heat registered 70, she replied: "Oh, no, don't believe it. The janitor fakes the temperature; it's really ice-cold here." On other occasions this same teacher included in her classroom lectures stories hardly suitable for the ears of the fifteen-year-old girls in her charge. She boasted that she had met a charming young man that summer, and that she was now pregnant. Some of the girls smirked; others were horrified.

For ten years I tried to get that teacher out of the school system. She was still there when I retired.

A unique case? Hardly. In the New York City schools today are several hundred teachers who have spent anywhere from three months to three years in insane asylums or State institutions for the mentally sick. One teacher, in fact, commuted back and forth from an institution! Over a period of six years, she was committed seven times. She would teach several months, then go away on her "vacation" to an insane asylum for a month or two. It is impossible to measure the harm that she is doing to hundreds of young children each year.

It has been estimated that 1500 emotionally and mentally unbalanced teachers are in New York City alone. In my opinion, based on two decades of investigation, that figure is far too conservative. There are probably close to 4500 teachers in need of psychiatric and other treatment in New York. Not all are ready for the asylums; but all are dangerously unsuitable instructors and should be removed. In my judgment at least 1500 of these 4500 unfit teachers are definite mental cases.

Out of a total instructional and supervisory staff of 37,000, these 1500 mentally unbalanced teachers would be something more than 4 per cent — a percentage no larger

than for the population as a whole. But there is this tremendous difference: in no other profession or occupation can a mentally unbalanced person do as much damage to the lives of others. In a school system of 1,000,000 children, it would mean that over 40,000 each year are being taught and influenced by mentally unsound teachers. Which means that sometime in his school career, every child is likely to spend at least one term under an unstable instructor. What an awful sentence to impose upon innocent boys and girls! And what untold harm may result to the sensitive ones among them!

Let it not be thought that New York is any worse than any other city in the country in this respect. The problem is national in scope, covering every type of educational plant. As medical examiner for twenty-two years, I have met scores of school superintendents, state commissioners and administrative officials from Maine to the Pacific Coast. My investigation leaves no doubt that the problem is universal. The percentage of unfit teachers in New York is easily duplicated elsewhere.

In his *School Health Program* volume of the \$500,000 Regents' Inquiry report, Professor C. E. A. Winslow of Yale makes this sensa-

ational disclosure: "A recent study of the adjustment problems of 100 teachers showed only 19 per cent to be well adjusted, 33 per cent definitely maladjusted and 12 per cent in need of personal psychiatric service." Dr. Winslow further observes that teachers who would be considered by mental hygienists to have harmful effects upon children are found in abundance, adding:

Teachers were observed indulging in vicious temper tantrums in which they shouted at the children and even slapped and shook them. With such behavior they not only humiliated and antagonized their pupils but held themselves up to their classes as examples of undisciplined, infantile personalities unable to command respect.

These teachers were observed outside of New York City. I can attest to the existence of the same pattern here. As the major portion of my experience has been in this city, I shall devote my discussion to actual cases that have come under observation here. However, these cases are not unusual, and have their counterparts elsewhere.

As an alienist and member of the neurological clinics of several hospitals, I have naturally had occasion to observe the symptoms and consequences of mental disease. Every psychiatrist understands the potential danger of permitting the mentally sick, or emotionally unstable,

to influence childish minds. In my case an intimate personal experience heightened my interest in the subject. My sister, a former school-teacher, complained that her eight-year-old son refused to go to school. On inquiry we learned that school had become distasteful because "the teacher tore up my home work before she even looked at it." Besides, the teacher scolded, yelled, screamed all the time, and "sometimes acted like a crazy woman."

I advised my sister to consult with the teacher and find out how she might best help. After twenty minutes of conversation, the teacher rose from her chair, raised her hands to heaven, rolled her eyes upward and chanted piously, "Before God, I am just." I realized we were dealing with a mentally ill teacher. Nevertheless, my sister insisted that her son return to school. He did so — and the very same week developed a severe case of St. Vitus Dance. On his transfer to Horace Mann School, his symptoms soon disappeared. Had he continued under his former teacher, I am certain he would have developed into a badly maladjusted, if not neurotic, individual. As it was, his school attendance under this unbalanced teacher had exposed him to grave danger.

II

Possibly because of my expressed interest in the subject I was appointed to the local school board. This gave me an opportunity to visit a great number of classrooms in various schools. I began to call the attention of the supervisory staff to "queer" teachers whom the pupils called "nuts." The school officials agreed that an unsavory condition existed but professed to see no way out.

On my return from the Army after the First World War, the Board of Education in New York City decided that my one-man crusade against unstable teachers did have some merit after all and appointed me alienist for the school system. That was in 1919. I was naïve enough then to believe that if a teacher were mentally and emotionally unfit she would be removed. Little did I know of the fierce teacher-loyalties that existed or the many obstacles that would be thrown in the way of anyone who tried to retire mental wrecks — even on a pension. What mattered misery and unhappiness to children, so long as the teacher's "right" to her position was protected?

I soon found a sizable number of teachers who, in addition to

those mentally unstable, had temperaments that had an unwholesome influence on their pupils. Nagging, sarcasm and querulousness can exert a destructive influence even on the strongest boy or girl, engendering lifelong scars and feelings of inferiority.

Pointing to the obstacles in the way of effective reform — the unwillingness of principals and supervisors to report mental cases, the lack of cooperation from the teaching body — I recommended to the Board of Education the formation of a permanent medical board with power to investigate and act upon undesirable teachers. In 1924 the Medical Division of the Board of Education was established, and I was placed in charge as chief medical examiner.

It soon became apparent that we had more unfit teachers in the system than I, or probably anyone else, had ever imagined. Case after case was duly recorded in the bureau's medical reports. But nothing happened: the teachers remained at their posts. I found myself up against a blank wall. School officials began to call me an "alarmist." But the lid blew off in really fine style in 1934. At that time Dr. Louis Marks of the Board of Examiners made a study and reached the conclusion that the number of

mentally unfit teachers in our public schools was about 1500. A newspaper published this story, and the next day I was besieged by reporters asking whether the statement represented the case. I told them that if anything Dr. Marks had underestimated the situation.

From that time, the medical division was on the spot. Every teacher organization — and there are nearly 100 in New York City — maintained that no such condition existed. A steady, unrelenting, sniping campaign began for my scalp, a drive that ended only a few months back when I finally quieted the clamor by stepping out of the picture. I venture to guess that this article will bring forth another torrent of abuse.

Yet in my office today, from cases I handled personally, are the names and records of 1300 nervous and mental teachers, still in the school system although reported years ago. Close to 500 have retired, either voluntarily or by request, during the last year or two. Despite this mass of evidence, the Joint Committee of Teachers Organizations, headed by Dr. Frank D. Whalen and Dr. Abraham Lefkowitz, fanatically insists that the problem of unstable teachers has been exaggerated.

Why not look at the record?

About five years ago, at the request of the National Committee of Mental Hygiene, a psychiatrist for the Carnegie Foundation went over the records in my office, examining them in detail. Her report upheld every statement on the subject of unbalanced teachers that I have ever made. These records are still available.

Illustrations of mentally unfit teachers can be cited by the hour. One teacher told her pupils that everything in the classroom was charged with electricity, that they might be electrocuted at any moment if they misbehaved, because she, the teacher, could pull a switch to kill them all. Varying her theme of destruction, she also said that the floors were moving up toward the ceiling and could crush them. When she sent shivers down the children's spines with realistic horror stories of poison gas floating in the room, several children became acutely ill. One day she called in a policeman, complaining about the electricity in the room and scaring the pupils half to death. The officer listened in silence to her insane prattling, muttered "Aw nuts!" and walked out. I recommended this woman's retirement fifteen years ago; she went only last year.

Sometimes unbalanced teachers run amuck, endangering the actual

physical security of their pupils. One teacher in her early fifties attacked a girl of nine without apparent provocation, and promised to return the next morning to "finish the job." I went to the school at 8 o'clock the next morning, flanked by a corps of policemen, ready for any emergency. Examination of the child had disclosed severe lacerations of the face and neck as well as bruises on the body; her assailant had come within a fraction of an inch of severing her jugular vein. Fifteen minutes after our arrival at the school the teacher came storming upon the scene. She was forbidden to enter the building. Unheeding our command, she broke through the startled officials, shouting, "I'm going to kill that little —! I won't let her treat me that way." Three husky policemen were necessary to dislodge her from her classroom. She was placed in an ambulance, taken to Bellevue Hospital for observation, and is now in a private hospital. Why had her principal not reported her before this outbreak? Her condition had been apparent for several years.

Sometimes mental cases reveal themselves through their abysmal ignorance. A middle-aged teacher, in the school system for twenty years, was summoned to Board of

Education headquarters. As part of the examination routine I asked, "If three apples cost five cents, how much would fifteen cost?" After ten minutes of futile figuring, the teacher brightened up. "Maybe," she suggested, "if you gave me a pencil and paper I could do it." For the next two hours she jotted down figures, covering several sheets of paper. "I don't know the answer," she admitted. "I can't do division." "Can you do addition?" I asked. "No." "Subtraction?" "No, I can't." She waited a moment, then blurted out, "You didn't ask me if I can do multiplication." "Well, can you?" "No," she replied, then added hopefully, "but I can learn!"

At another time a teacher in her early forties who had ornamented our schools for two decades gave the following display of erudition.

"What is the population of the United States?" I asked. "Three million," came the reply. "And of New York City?" "One hundred thousand." "Where is Asia?" I continued. "In Central Europe."

Incompetence must not be confused with insanity; but clearly both of these pedagogues were below par intellectually and out of place in a school system. Further tests, indeed, revealed that both were advanced mental cases, ready

to be institutionalized. They are still in our schools!

A mother wrote to her child's teacher: "I had hoped when I learned that you were ill that you would not come back to school any more and thus give the children who are in your class a chance to breathe freely and be happy again." Upon investigation we found the teacher to be harsh and unreasonable with her pupils; many of whom showed the strain of terror and sleepless nights. Perpetual excitement and resentment over injustices, carping criticism and caustic remarks were showing their results. It took only an hour or two in her classroom to convince me that Bellevue needed her more than our school system.

Another instructor was wont to open the morning class session by saying, "I know at once when I reach a Jewish or Italian neighborhood by the terrible smell," or making some similar remark. The children, miserable at constant racial nagging, decided to boycott the school. A delegation of parents then called on the principal, who promised to talk to the teacher. Some weeks later the principal told the mothers, "Sorry; I can't humiliate a Christian teacher by asking her to apologize to such women." Both teacher and prin-

cipal are still in the system, spreading their un-American prejudices. I know that the teacher is in need of psychiatric treatment; all evidence indicates that the principal is mentally incompetent also.

Then there is the case of the woman who insisted on teaching that 2×2 equals 5. Questioned on this point, she demanded, "What would you do if people kept hammering at your head all the time?" Taken to a psychiatric ward, she was judged hopelessly insane. She is still in the local school system! Or the case of the teacher who, after an unexplained three weeks' absence, said that she had had a baby, but that it had been an immaculate conception!

III

Such teachers are not playing with dolls but with growing, plastic minds. Why can't we get them out? For one thing, the rules of dismissal, where tenure is involved, are complicated. Here is an outline of how a teacher is retired in New York City:

She must first be reported to the medical bureau by her principal or supervisor; only then can we order her to appear before our medical staff for an examination. Hundreds of unstable teachers are

never reported, because of mistaken loyalty or compassion on the supervisor's part. After the medical staff is convinced that an instructor should be retired, a conference is held with the associate superintendent in charge of personnel. If he is convinced that the teacher is not fit to continue, he so recommends to the Board of Superintendents. The case is then considered by this board. If it does not agree with the medical findings, the teacher is sent back to the classroom! On the other hand, if the Board of Superintendents agrees, it recommends that the Board of Education act on retirement. Then, if the latter approves, the teacher's name is sent to the Retirement Board, whose medical division conducts its own examination.

Frequently the Retirement Board has flatly rejected the recommendation of the school officials. It does not look upon teaching from the standpoint of the school children, but from the viewpoint of trustees of the \$170,000,000 pension fund it controls. Seemingly it places more emphasis upon the sanctity of its funds than upon the welfare of children. Each teacher who retires stops paying into the swollen fund and begins drawing a pension therefrom. The Retirement Board, one almost suspects,

does not consider mental disease a bar to teaching. This board lacks sufficient staff and equipment to make extensive physical or psychiatric examinations.

We had a tremendous battle on our hands every time we tried to retire an emotionally or mentally unstable teacher. Even if the board does retire the teacher, she may apply almost immediately for reinstatement. Within several months she may be back in the classroom. One teacher, for example, came to school drunk every morning for ten years. She was also a mental case. Yet the retirement system restored her to duty after she had been forced out. She had beaten up pupils and been suspended several times for her violence in the classroom, but that apparently made little difference.

Here is the principal reason why our classrooms are cluttered with incompetent, unsatisfactory and dangerous instructors. Although the welfare of our children should be the paramount consideration, it is not always so with the Retirement Board. Three doctors constitute its medical staff. Their decision is final and binding upon the Board. These physicians are subject to reappointment and therefore they owe allegiance to the Board.

Another basic difficulty lies in the misguided attitude of principals and supervisors toward their teachers. Many of them do not cooperate. Sometimes they are "sorry" for unfit teachers. Sometimes they are swayed by old friendships. It is easier to wink at irregularities, or shunt the problem elsewhere by transferring the teacher to another school.

Another stumbling block is the uncooperative attitude of the teachers themselves. Teacher organizations resent any attempt to clean house. They refuse to recognize that any such thing as an unfit teacher exists. To them every goose is a swan, and so they impede and block every effort to prove otherwise. They have called upon powerful influences to hamper the work of improving the teaching personnel.

This, in brief, is the situation that exists in New York City. With minor variations, it can be duplicated elsewhere. When we realize that 21,000,000 elementary and 7,000,000 high school pupils are attending school yearly, with nearly 1,000,000 teachers in charge, the magnitude of the problem is apparent. This is not to imply that the vast bulk of teachers are unfit, either mentally, emotionally or physically. Quite the contrary. By

and large, New York teachers, like teachers elsewhere, are above the average in education, preparation and sympathetic understanding of childhood.

It is precisely for this reason that I plead for self-analysis among school leaders. The 4 per cent who are "bad" may undo the work of the 96 per cent who are good. There are means of improving the teaching personnel, if only they are adopted. The following principles would go far toward eliminating the mentally unbalanced teacher from the classroom.

1. *Compulsory Retirement at Age of 60.*

At present the retirement age in New York City and many other communities is seventy. For the good of the pupils no teacher should remain in the classroom beyond the age of sixty. And no teacher older than forty-five should be permitted to teach in the first three grades or in kindergarten. At that age she is out of touch with youth and normally has no real understanding of young children. Men and women past sixty are too frequently poor teachers. Children in their classes are handicapped and the school system suffers in efficiency and morale. Teachers would live much longer

and be happier if their service time were cut ten years.

2. *Principle of Rotation.*

This may not be possible in small communities, but it is feasible in large systems. Teachers should be transferred every three years, principals every five years. This would help them get out of a rut, broaden their horizons and provide greater incentive to keep abreast of changing educational practices and techniques. Before a principal becomes over-friendly with his teaching staff, he should be transferred to another school. Otherwise he may lose his objectivity. You can hardly expect a principal who has been friendly with a teacher for twenty-five or thirty years to recognize or report her idiosyncracies. In that time he has usually come to sympathize with her failings and weaknesses and tends to humor or overlook them.

3. *Periodic Health Examinations.*

No city employee works as strenuously under continued tension as the teacher. In addition to the five hours in the classroom, she has to prepare lesson plans, make reports and do other outside work for another five hours each day. Working with children is a heavy strain in itself; there is a proportionally

greater number of teachers suffering from nervous disorders and heart diseases than in the population at large. Moreover, many teachers suffer from various ailments without being aware of them, with the result that their teaching efficiency is impaired. An unhealthy teacher tends to make the children in her class nervous and irritable, and will even cause pupil-failure and maladjustment.

Periodic health examinations, once every two or three years, would remedy this. At present a teacher is examined when she gets her permanent license and is not required to take another physical test thereafter, even though she remains in the system fifty years. Who knows or can foresee the physical or psychiatric disturbances that may appear in this span of time? A communicable disease, such as tuberculosis, may be spread in the classroom, unknown to the teacher.

It should be the aim of the school system to discover existing ailments and make corrective services available. There is no intent in this to scare the teachers or "purge" their ranks. Large industrial concerns now provide periodic health tests for their employees. School systems should do likewise. This would prove an invaluable policy for both schools and teach-

ers. The children would be the ultimate gainers.

4. *Benevolent Association for Teachers.*

The medical division has traced many serious illnesses in teachers to involvements with loan sharks. Financial stress will wear anyone down. It is not reasonable to believe that a teacher who is constantly facing a process server can do justice to her pupils. I have often suggested that the teachers form an organization to take care of the financially embarrassed in their midst. Each member might be assessed a nominal fee. The end of money worries would go far toward ending mental and physical troubles.

5. *Strictly Probationary Period.*

In New York City each teacher serves a three-year probationary period. The Board of Education, acting upon the recommendation of the Board of Superintendents, then grants or denies a permanent

license. Once this license is granted, it is difficult indeed to rescind it. Hence the probationary period should be as objective and accurate as possible.

In practice, however, such is not the case. More than 99 per cent of all probationary teachers receive permanent licenses. Here, again, many supervisors are unwilling to prepare honest reports, and thus teachers who do not belong in the system are foisted upon the schools. The probationary period should be more stringent, more scientific and more objective.

Surely an emotionally undesirable teacher can be a great scourge to the children and to the school. Anyone familiar with the record must agree with Dr. Winslow that the important program for the future is the "removal from the school system of personalities exercising a destructive influence upon teachers and pupils." If we attack the problem with diligence and courage, unfit teachers can be weeded from the schools of America.



► *London went underground — but the spirit of a free people came amazingly to the surface.*

MIRACLE IN THE LONDON SHELTERS

BY LADY JUDITH LISTOWEL

LONDON's shelters are the new catacombs. And there is, indeed, a spiritual overtone to their strange and teeming life — a sense of deep, unspoken dedication which takes the edge off discomfort and danger. Our statesmen visit them nightly and draw strength from the spectacle. Distinguished foreigners, like Mr. Wendell Willkie and Mr. Harry Hopkins from America, are stirred by this proof of the mettle of our population. Life in the new underground London is hard, but it is amazingly clean, adjusted, untouched by panic.

But this is after six months of continuous bombing. If foreign visitors could visualize the confusions and desperations of the first weeks of hectic nights, they would be even more impressed by the present organized, almost routine existence in the modern catacombs. Those of us who, during the first frenzied weeks, helped to pound the chaos into some pattern of order — as the writer did — feel that a miracle has transpired. I

want to tell Americans about it because it was *a miracle of democracy*. The change was accomplished without decrees, without threats, almost without government, in a spontaneous and cooperative spirit by people who knew themselves free and, hence, self-dependent.

In the early days of the war the government had made elaborate arrangements for the care of the dead and the wounded, but the living were supposed to look after themselves. Dug-outs in squares and parks, brick shelters above ground (some without even a roof), and the basements of houses were available. I knew of not a single deep shelter. The people of London, however, took the shelter problem in hand. They flooded into the "underground." Since then they have dealt with all the problems that arise from crowding together so many humans into bare, narrow spaces. There were no blueprints, no instructions, and what is even worse in England — no precedents. The authorities stood back in consternation. So the people

acted. Gradually they forced upon the government the solutions they had worked out for themselves.

On September 7, 1940, Nazi incendiaries set the East India Docks afire and the glare lit up the horizon. Standing in South Kensington underground station, I heard a goodly detonation. It was my first encounter with the sound of high explosive and with the notice that was posted, in those days, at every station entrance. "During a raid no one is allowed to use the underground as a shelter," the notice read. So we were herded into the streets.

Next day, as I passed a ticket office of the underground, I overheard a brisk altercation. A woman with a mattress and pillow tied to her back was demanding a one-penny ticket. "Where are you going?" the collector demanded suspiciously. "Why in hell should that concern you?" "Because you carry bedding." The man pointed to the notice forbidding the use of the underground during a raid.

"Mind your own bloody business!" the little woman retorted. She prevailed. With her penny ticket she got into the lift. I followed her. At the next station she left the train, spread her mattress and pillow on the platform, and lay down. Though unprintable words

passed between her and the station attendant, she refused to leave. By that same night, the station platforms throughout London were seething with humanity. All the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't have kept the people out. They didn't try.

Even without instructions the people knew, instinctively, that Nazi planes would come with every dusk and stay until dawn. They learned, too, that when a bomb hit one of their jerry-built houses, twenty others would also collapse from the blast. Overhead, the raiders had their own way for three nights, and the platforms were jammed with jostling, bewildered shelterers. At last, on September 10, the anti-aircraft barrage went up with a positively soothing racket. It is a matter of history, however, that although until Christmas gunfire kept the planes high enough to prevent their aiming, only a very few raiders were downed after dark. The experiences of those early nights of almost continuous bombing told us what to expect for the rest of the winter. They "settled down" to a "sheltered" existence. By now the shelters present a scene of organized efficiency. The people themselves have overcome, one by one, a series of appalling problems.

II

Sanitary facilities were an immediate and serious difficulty. Each station of the underground boasted only one toilet for men, one for women. Imagine what happened when several hundred people wished to use them! At one time you could smell Oxford Circus station 500 yards away. As for the atmosphere inside — one medical Member of Parliament defied anyone to stand it for longer than three minutes without feeling physically sick. However, shelter seekers had no alternative but to stay.

Various expedients were improvised. Homely utensils were brought to the shelters. Men went outdoors. In the East End, where many of the shelters are blocked-up railway arches, the water that seeped back in when it rained smelled foully. In a few days the authorities had to step in. Tin containers, plus wooden frames and green curtains, were provided for every shelter.

One night I walked into a railway arch shelter with Vera Grenfell, head of the Shadwell Rest Center. Think of a double or quadruple railway track carried on big brick arches. These arches had been blocked up on both sides by a brick wall. Such shelters, which serve thousands of people,

are no good in case of a direct hit, but it seems extremely difficult to score a direct hit on a railway line.

As Miss Grenfell and I stepped inside, the electric light was out and two oil lamps cast a faint glow. The foul air caught us like a blow. Since it was already mid-October, Miss Grenfell severely questioned the shelter marshal. "Why have you no sanitary facilities? Have the bins not arrived? Who is responsible?" He was a small man, a factory worker, who seemed a little puzzled by the situation.

"Well, Miss, the bins have come."

"Where are the frames?"

"Well, Miss, at the First Aid Post."

"And the curtains?"

"Well, Miss, at the council chamber."

Miss Grenfell's blunt remarks about people who preferred the stench to using a little thought and initiative bore fruit. By the end of October, every shelter in London had its sanitary facilities in good order. But there remained the problem of cleaning them. The authorities, back in September, had no suggestions. So in the East End, a band of young girls volunteered for this unpleasant task. At their head was beautiful, eighteen-year-old Gerda, one of the most

charming figures of the London working-class district. Gerda had been adopted by the Quakers. Under her leadership, those brave young girls came forward to clean latrines in the daytime, while at night they did other work in the shelters. Their example created such a scandal that within four days the authorities had to step in and engage men to do the job. They are paid a decent salary, and the sanitation problem has vanished from among the topics discussed by shelter dwellers.

A brazier gave such light and heat as there was in the shelter under railway arches where I first saw Gerda. I could just make out the shape of beds, settees, arm-chairs against the wall. The very old people huddled on these. To the left a group of ragged men were playing cards — Hogarthian figures, uttering Shakespearian curses. Just beside them a young Quaker was ladling out tea and cocoa. It is a great triumph that they have persuaded the East Enders that cocoa is “sleep-making,” weaning them from their strong black tea. To the right of the brazier, Gerda was singing, half a dozen children gathered delightedly around her.

The third important question to be solved was the “queuing up.” Every day from eleven A.M. on-

ward long lines of women waited, for the shelters to open. Pale-faced, they brought what food they could scrape together in the mornings. Meanwhile their children played together in the dust. Bombed-out houses are the special headquarters of the younger fry. Heaps of rubble become romantic troves from which they occasionally recover such treasures as a bathtub, a broken table leg, battered pots and pans. While the children shout in their shrill Cockney voices, their parents make robust comments on any adversity. I overheard one man, told to sweep the dust from the pavement before his destroyed house, remarking, “’It-ler’s bloody ’ousemaid, that’s what I am!”

All Londoners agreed that waiting in line must stop. When people left shelter about 6 A.M. and were back in line by eleven, how could midday meals be cooked or any semblance of family life be preserved? A solution was reached, without official interference. Someone in each shelter proved to be more energetic, more practical, more enterprising than anyone else. He or she became by general, unspoken consent, the shelter marshal. These marshals had to deal with such diverse problems as childbirth, toothache, boils, rival

claims to "good" places, order and quiet. They saw to it that people who belonged together were together, and groups were formed which became particular about their neighbors. The shelter marshals showed great wisdom in helping to sift their clients. With white lines, they divided the underground platforms into two sections: one, near the wall, for those coming at five o'clock, the other, near the tracks, for those who turn up after seven. In the East End public shelters neat squares are drawn, leaving narrow passages for circulation. The people arranged their chairs and settees on the edges of the squares, forming small camps.

Eventually the shelter marshals evolved the idea of season tickets. Every shelter-goer received a card entitling him and his family to a certain space. The marshals know quite well how many people come from each home. For unlucky persons caught away from their homes when the "sireen" blows, a few places are reserved. The season ticket system abolished the long waiting for a place in the shelters. All and sundry were now assured of a safe place for the night, no matter at what hour they arrived. This made all the difference to people's other activities. The popu-

lation of London realized that the chief aim of the raids was to keep them, and the people of other industrial centers, from sleeping. So the slogan became, "Sleep for victory!"

III

Health was the next problem that the shelter dwellers tackled and solved by voluntary effort. Not only immediate injuries and minor disorders had to be considered, but the danger of epidemics. Private first-aid boxes and amateur nurses glad to lend a hand were the beginning. Eventually, the government stepped in and a trained nurse was detailed to each shelter. Then great things happened. The moment a professional nurse had an official foot in a shelter she began demanding things. The effort grew. By Christmas there was not a shelter in London without a full-fledged first-aid post, visited at least once each night by a physician. Each is so well equipped that major operations can be performed, though on quiet nights acute cases are rushed to hospitals.

When Mr. Churchill announced that there had been no epidemics in England he understated his case. According to statistical data influenza, typhoid and measles cases

are fewer than last year! In the shelters, there is leisure to nip colds and infections in the bud and expert medical attention available on the spot. Children evacuated to the country lead healthier lives and get better food than ever before. Shelters are constantly sprayed with disinfectants, aired and cleaned. Most people have been inoculated against contagious diseases. The people responded splendidly to the urging of social and health workers to submit to this voluntary inoculation. It became almost a fashion. Somewhere deep down, the people of England know that by keeping fit they are serving their country. "Keep fit for victory!"

As soon as nurses, in their pale blue linen frocks with large red crosses on their white aprons, were familiar figures in every shelter, the shelter marshals could turn their minds to other pressing problems. By October they had so shown their worth that the government recognized them and made them paid officials, earning three pounds ten shillings a week. Natural leaders were turned into civil servants. And their assistants, the vice-shelter marshals, are to this day voluntary workers who have to earn their living in the daytime though they are up work-

ing in the shelters most nights.

There was the question of warm food. "Queuing up" had stopped, but with the shortening of the fall days, the raiders appeared earlier, and the shelterers went to their places early in the afternoon. (I suspect that many of them like company!) Some women, indeed, could not cook at home because the gas was not functioning. Others did produce a warm midday meal, but what about the evening?

Pages could be written about the heroism of the social workers, Church workers and enterprising private individuals who from the very early days have visited the shelters distributing hot drinks and sandwiches. From the Shadwell Rest Center, for instance, workers set out regularly with their mobile canteen at nine in the evening. Gerda and a Quaker boy named Jack were the nightly visitors of the railway arches. Until well into October hardly any of these people had tin hats. Now all have them. Raid or no raid, barrage or no barrage, they toured from shelter to shelter until about midnight with the hot food. By 4:30 or 5 A.M. they were up again, preparing breakfast for the shelterers, and more particularly for those who found their homes gone on their return to them.

When breakfast time comes in a rest center, the large room is often lit with oil lamps. Around the room are piled cans of milk, barrels of food, stacks of parcels and packing cases. Two men on night duty sleep in their chairs. On the counter are mounds of sandwiches. Jugs, cups and glasses stand in neat rows. In great good spirits the social workers arrive, wearing "sireen suits" — lainage overalls, with colored turbans on their heads — for they sleep in an ordinary basement, not even reinforced, and have to be prepared to jump at any moment. Soon after five, the people begin to trickle in. Incredible figures, haggard and worn in the oil lamps' yellow light; men with their collars turned up trying to look respectable; young women, complete with lipstick, often gay and bawdy in their remarks; and naturally children, often fighting and always greatly enjoying their communal breakfast. In the first weeks of the Blitz these meals were improvised, prepared and served by volunteers and paid for by nobody knew quite whom. Then private funds ran out. Now, of course, feeding at rest centers is paid for by public funds.

By now, every shelter has either its own canteen or a mobile canteen (some American) visiting it regularly. In the underground, after

eleven P.M., comes the food special — a trainload of tea, sandwiches and biscuits which stops at every platform. Properly paid girls, wearing green overalls and red turbans, serve the food. Everything is so well organized that only the drunks go without a hot meal. In fact, some of the underground stations have gone swank — and now have a valet service in the morning!

But then there was still the question what women were to do when they could cook no food in their own homes. While my gas was off for six weeks, I had to send out our food to the house of a friend who allowed me to use her range. Three-quarters cooked, it was brought back to my home, where we finished the procedure over an oil stove. Few people can afford to waste so much time — especially when the government is calling on half a million women to enter the munitions industry!

The answer is communal kitchens, the first of which was set up in Greenwich, of course by voluntary effort. One woman purchased the food wholesale, others volunteered to cook it, yet others to serve and wash up. Now, with public money, such centers are appearing in all parts of London. In fact, the ambition of the municipality is to have one for every thirty houses. Food

is to be served so cheaply — meat and two vegetables for fourpence — that it should be within the reach of the lowest income. There is no doubt that this aim will be attained, and it may have considerable effect on life in postwar Britain.

IV

Naturally the shelters also presented moral dilemmas. One day while lunching at one of my favorite shelters I overheard one of our social workers holding a telephone conversation. Admiral Sir Charles Evans ("of the Broke") was calling. He had heard distressing reports about the behaviour of a certain person by the name of Molly who was doing business as usual. Would one of the social workers immediately visit her and persuade her to lead a better life?

There was no great zeal for this task. One worker said she knew Molly, and did not think there was any hope. Another remarked that she drew the line somewhere, and Molly was beyond her line. Finally one lovely young creature, perhaps twenty-three years old, set out to "talk to her." The interview was not fruitful; some three days later two men had a fight over Molly. But instead of hurting each other,

they managed to trample a child to death. Then something had to be done.

This tragic accident happened in a shelter the fame of which stank literally to heaven. It is an enormous underground depot housing some 3000 people. Its center section was owned by a private company. Furious about the fate of a tea consignment in this space, which was totally unfitted for use, the proprietors decided to wash their hands of the whole business and refused to light the place. Small wonder that in the pitch darkness there were "goings on."

Some time later I met Miss Ellen Wilkinson, who as Secretary of Labor in charge of shelters had become London's "shelter queen." I inquired what had happened to the morals of that notorious place. "It's quite all right, my dear," she replied, "I have put in floodlights. It's as bright as an operating theatre. And I also put in bunks — eighteen inches wide. I thought discomfort would do what persuasion could not."

But positive action was also needed. Last fall, shelter dwellers amused each other as best they could. In one, the audience listened spellbound to the deep, throaty voice of a girl singing to a guitar. In another, young people danced

to a gramophone. Here again, it was the wisdom and resourcefulness of the people themselves that eventually brought the government into the picture. Now paid artists perform once a week in each shelter. The audience is critical and expects the best. And the London County Council sends lecturers who organize classes. Gradually communal education is developing. This solution is still in its infancy, but it has blasted the way to far-reaching changes.

When Christmas came, the marshals saw to it that every child in London got a present. The pathetic Christmas trees in the shelters, with their tinsel and brightly colored paper decorations, were beautiful because of the spirit which they represented. They recalled the days when earlier Christians had to celebrate their holidays in the catacombs. And I also found a similarity to their selfless spirit in the friendliness, neighborliness and mutual understanding I observed. People who have lived close together for decades, and taken good

care not to know each other, become fast friends in the shelters. In a short time they discover how much they have in common, how well they understand each other. When you sleep in the same shelter with your employer, your charwoman, your ashman, you cannot be aloof. And something happens to you. After a while you no longer wish to be aloof!

It is a tremendous adjustment that the people of England have made. Barriers that have stood for centuries and tumbled overnight are not only those of brick and stone. The bomb which reveals the most intimate details of a home to gaping passers-by smashes also the British mania for privacy. Class distinctions are forgotten because no one has time to remember them; common danger and common purpose bring out the best in every individual. "Love thy neighbor" is part of every life.

Democracy is on the march in Britain. And the miracle of the shelters is a vital testimony to the democratic way.



► *Comic strips have gone he-man, haywire and Hitlerite — which isn't comic.*

THE SAD CASE OF THE FUNNIES

By JAMES FRANK VLAMOS

WHEN headlines about dive-bombers and torpedoed transports become too much for your frayed nerves, don't, for God's sake, turn to the "funnies" for relief. That colorful and carefree world in which you delighted in younger days — the world of slapstick and innocent jokes, of grotesque but lovable creatures — has all but disappeared. A good many of the older cartoon comics still linger on, but they are meek and lonely amidst a horde of new characters who are about as "funny" as those dive-bombers and torpedoes. They are shouted down and blotted out by Superman, smashing racketeers and tangling with corrupt politicians; by the Phantom, chasing submarines and sea raiders; by Commander Winslow of the Navy, foiling plots to blow up the Panama Canal; by Dick Tracy, being mutilated by a sadistic midget; by Little Orphan Annie again in the clutches of some scoundrel; by Flash Gordon, pulling off miracles on a far-off planet. The once carefree and jolly world of the comics

has turned brutal, violent and fake-scientific. Even its future is bleak — Buck Rogers in the Twenty-Fifth Century is the tragic hero of a universe of interplanetary crimes and wars between worlds. You can get away from it all by quickly turning back the pages to the front of the paper with its comparatively tame accounts of murder and holocaust.

Louis Sobol, the New York columnist, recently reported: "At Twenty-One's bar with Truman Talley, Rex Smith and Schuy Kudner and the conversation veers to funnies. . . . Comics which we voted should be revived included Little Nemo, Happy Hooligan and Gloomy Gus, Buster Brown, the Hall Room Boys and Maude the Mule." If this nostalgia for the fading world of really funny funnies shows up even at a Café Society bar, it certainly must be real and earnest. The gentlemen might have tipped a highball also in tribute to The Toonerville Trolley that met all the trains; to Mickey "Himself" McGuire, the tough boy in every-

body's life; to that symbol of all henpecked husbands, the jolly Jiggs a step ahead of Maggie's rolling pin; to the immortal Mutt and Jeff, Alphonse and Gaston, Foxy Grandpa.

Their successors in many papers — and especially in the pulp “comic” magazines — do not even pretend to be humorous. They may thrill and scare the new generation but assuredly they do not amuse. Elzey Roberts of the St. Louis *Star-Times*, analyzing the comics in his own paper one day in 1938, discovered that of eleven strips, ten dealt with fist fights, murder, domestic squabbles, fear, theft, despair, deception, torture, arson and death. He made some noise about it which was echoed by other publishers, but the case of the funnies remains exceedingly sad despite such protests. Before you can get to Polly and Her Pals you still must watch Mandrake the Magician squirming under the collapsed medieval castle. Next to Blondie you are likely to find some monstrous superman in a tale of horror. The Toonerville Trolley must compete with the streamlined rockets of Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon and their ilk.

Our epoch of violence will perhaps be studied in future times in the adventure “comics” which now load the newsstands. Some 100

titles are available currently, usually at ten cents a throw. The only thing comic about them is their name. Within their covers festers the most dismaying mass of undiluted horror and prodigious impossibility ever visited on the sanity of a nation's youth — and its adults as well, since children alone could hardly buy up the twelve million copies sold yearly. Though the villains get it in the neck, as ever, and the heroes act from noble motives, neither category has any respect for ordinary laws. They live and struggle on a nihilistic level of colossal crimes, supreme scoundrels and supernatural avengers without the faintest respect for conventional rules of conduct or physics.

Take the redoubtable Superman, who recently skyrocketed to fame for himself and fortune for his owners. He has surpassed even Buck Rogers for pseudo-scientific marvels amidst blood-curdling terror. This “Man of Steel” and “Man of Tomorrow” is the son of a scientist on some distant planet, and as an infant was shot to our earth in a special rocket ship when his own world was threatened with destruction. The remarkable child grew into a more remarkable man. The routine accomplishments of Superman (“Soupie” to his fans), include the ability to outrun the fastest

train, outswim any fish or speed-boat, leap high into the stratosphere and dash clear around the earth in one day. Bombs and bullets just bounce off his hide and his casual jumps from skyscrapers break the pavement but never dent the Superman. As any of his millions of devotees will inform you, he passes in everyday life as simple Clark Kent, a meek newspaper reporter, despised by his girl friend as a coward . . . though he is Superman underneath.

What does this extra-extraordinary fellow do with his talents? Well, there was the time the South American republic of San Caluma was ravaged by tornado and earthquake, and American philanthropy was pouring in relief. Clark Kent was on hand for the arrival of a planeload of San Caluma officials. There is foul play along the line, and "the great plane swoops down toward the flying field, and an inevitable crash!" The real fan, however, is not alarmed. Superman's "telescopic vision reveals the pilot madly battling to regain control." So — "leaping within the shadows of a hangar, Clark hurriedly slips off his outer garments . . . and the next moment stands revealed in his Superman costume, ready for action!" Action is a mild word for it. He dashes "like a streak of

light. . . . A tremendous leap upwards carries Superman directly into the plane's path." The Man of Tomorrow dives beneath the airliner and "gives it a great shove that sends it above a steeple." Another plane appears from nowhere, but the leaping Man of Steel seizes its tail and "heaves back mightily." A few more of these frenzied episodes and Clark Kent is meekly in his office filing the story.

This is a mild sample. His "X-Ray vision" is always on tap. When a ship is foundering, Superman pushes it to shore. His threshing feet take the place of a high-powered propeller to thrust back a liner headed for a mine. He intercepts a bomb with his naked fist and "it explodes harmlessly in the air." What's more, he has a good time at it. "Just like the Fourth of July!" he puts it cutely himself. En route home he steadies a collapsing skyscraper and rescues his lady love. Old-time melodrama is sissy stuff against his deeds of strength and daring.

When you've met Superman you've met the whole breed of machine-men. They leap and bound and crush with the greatest of ease. And they proliferate amazingly — every week, every day a new one is hatched, bigger, better, more wondrous yet.

II

Murder and torture in all varieties have become standard recreations in these "funnies." The good-natured pranks of the Katzenjammer Kids, the flying hooves of Happy Hooligan's mule, Maggie's rolling-pin have been displaced by homicide, arson, kidnapping, political treason, international espionage and other kinds of vice — all under the label of "comics." Once upon a time Little Orphan Annie of the comic strips showed her dexterity by getting out of mild small-town scrapes, foiling pinchpenny mortgage holders and neighborhood hoodlums. The competition of the more virile cartoons, however, has forced her into more serious trouble. One must keep up with the supermen.

The little darling recently became a fast friend of Nick Gatt (subtle touch, that name!) who ran a corrupt political machine for his rackets' sake. Under it all, of course, he had a heart of gold. Annie and her Gatt are going after Axel, a monster whose spying and sabotage menace America. Skipping gory details, suffice it that on Annie's frail shoulders now rests the fate of our nation. She can be depended on to see the thing through whatever the cost in villainous blood.

The glorification of Gatt is not exceptional. The criminal-turned-hero figures in miles of the current comic strips. Old-fashioned rules and moralities are out of the colored picture in this fare for the young. You can't go through an issue of a "comic" magazine without realizing that the lawful processes of police and courts have disappeared and that only the heroism of super-heroes keeps us from being annihilated by divers disasters and crimes. The "hero" has no hesitancy, in these tracts for the kiddies, in subjecting the "villain" to third-degree tortures and mental terror of old Florentine types. His methods may be those of a bully, but his alleged motives make him a hero.

He is a law unto himself, this super-hero. Under the veneer of Robin Hood brigandage he flouts every accepted law of man and morals. The Shadow, the Blue Beetle, Superman, The Mask and their compeers reside in a shady land between the underworld and the pagan heavens. Some of them are wanted by mundane police who, it appears, sometimes don't understand or appreciate the noble ways of self-willed heroes. What if they are criminals? The little boy next door knows that it is for the purpose of crime busting. They simply take justice by force and

cram it down the throats of the unjust.

Science comes in for almost as bad a drubbing as morals and legality. Sooner or later the learned societies will protest against the portrayal of their members in the tragic comics. In the cartoon world they are almost always mad and nurture wild dreams of ruling America, the world, the universe. Their inventions are normally death-dealing and awe-inspiring. They hold a prominent place among the other "comic" menaces which include, most recently, unscrupulous Fifth Columnists. The police are either stupid or corrupt and we should be in a bad way, indeed, if not for the lucky intercession of the heroes.

Shock Gibson, for instance, employs science-magic for patriotic spy-hunting without benefit of J. Edgar Hoover. Gibson, you surely know, was struck by lightning while in his laboratory and "some chemical and electrical reaction caused a mysterious change . . . it made him all-powerful, endowed him with almost unbelievable strength and energy." (The "almost" is a concession, of course.) Since then Shock Gibson has functioned in a skin-tight suit of red flannel underwear. He is as broad of shoulder as he is tall and his jaws

jut out magnificently. In a typical Gibson adventure we see him rescue the nation from the conniving Baron von Kampf and Comrade Ratski, as well as those hairy cyclopean creatures called zombies which "talk backward." Zoology is not spared. From their castle in Florida the spies direct zombies and zeppelins in an attack on American shipping, but Shock Gibson skims skyscrapers and saves the ships. At one point, while on the back of a whale, Shock seems in a bad way, but his "Electrical Field of Force" saves him." After subduing the backward-talking zombies he leaps on top of a zeppelin and polishes that off too. But that's the *beginning* of the story — endless instalments follow, in all of which Shock alone stands between us and obliteration.

His fellow-heroes include the Sandman, Batman, Ultraman, Amazingman, Spectre, the Flame, Yarko, Samson, the Skull, and the Green Mask. These are taken at random from a list of over a hundred. While they are still for the most part in the "comic" magazines, more and more of them are extending their activities to the dailies. No wonder a school child is reported to have explained, in the elementary science class, that earthquakes are due to the activities of

underground people or scientists tapping the forces in the center of the globe . . . (see "Dickie Dare"). Falling meteorites, another explained, are rocket ships ("Buck Rogers") or a bombardment from Mars ("Mars Mason").

How deeply is this artistic and imaginative fare registering on the young mind? No one has as yet measured the impression. But certainly the "funnies" demonstrate all the arguments a child ever needs for an omnipotent and infallible "strong man" beyond all law, the nihilistic man of the totalitarian ideology. In his comic strips the

modern American child sees America tottering and overrun by criminals. "Politician" in these child stories means "crook" and "policeman" means "idiot." Expressions like "racketeering union" and "war-mongering industrialist" and "Fifth Columnist" are used indiscriminately. If any hope for normal democratic society exists at all, it is in the goodness and might of some superman.

And so, as we said at the outset, don't look for escape in the current "funnies." Stick to the saner world of war and horror on the front pages.



LOST SHIP

BY GLENN WARD DREBACH

THIS was no proud ship pushing waves aside,
 With spotless decks and banners, on the tracks
 Of pleasure; patches marked her, far and wide;
 She moved as men with burdens on their backs.
 She had the sturdy look of grimy hands
 That lift dark weights or toil near flame that stings —
 A squat tramp steamer touching many lands
 To fill a people's need for common things.

A skulking monster, dripping from the dark,
 Has struck her down, the voyage nearly done.
 But not alone her scarred side was the mark,
 Not through her only did the anguish run . . .
 The weary, toiling flesh was also hit —
 Beware, O Arrogant Thing that tortures it!

ABC OF SABOTAGE

By JAN VALTIN

Author of *Out of the Night*

I was an agent in the Communist International espionage and sabotage system. I have often received documents like this one. Though not an actual document, it is close in both form and content to those now being received by Comintern agents in the U.S.A. I have written it especially for THE AMERICAN MERCURY in the hope of dramatizing for Americans the menace in their midst — the menace of Stalin's agents, now working hand in hand with Nazi agents the world over. — Jan Valtin.

► TO ALL POLITICAL INSTRUCTORS * OF PARTY AND AUXILIARY ORGANIZATIONS,
LEADERS OF COMMUNIST FRACTIONS IN TRADE UNIONS, AND ALL S-UNITS **

Confidential! By Courier! Take Note and Destroy!

THIS war is not our war. It is a war between imperialist robber nations for the privilege of brutal exploitation of the working masses of all countries, deliberately launched by the finance hyenas of Paris and London under the pretext of saving the fascist ruling caste of Poland. Already the majority of Polish workers, as well as workers of Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania and parts of Finland and Rumania, have hoisted the red banners of freedom and become enthusiastic members of

the glorious family of the Soviet Socialist Republics. France fell, but the war continues on the insistence of the oligarchy of brigands in Britain, with the aid of Wall Street sharks and the plutocratic Roosevelt Administration. Ostensibly America is still at peace, but in reality the American bankers, industrialists and warmongers, assisted by their reactionary Trotskyite hangers-on, have already stepped into the role of lackeys of British Imperialism.

The intense acuteness of the political situation places every comrade before tasks of immense his-

* Technical name for Communist International agents.

** Sabotage-Units.

torical significance. Lenin's slogan, "War against Imperialist War," and his theory of changing imperialist war into civil war must today be foremost in our minds. But theory is not enough. *To translate theory into action is the call of this hour!*

How must we act? Let us quote from Neuberger's *Road to Victory**:

The highest form of class warfare follows the rules of military warfare. It must be offensive in character and requires unlimited devotion among those who lead the masses to open attacks against the capitalist state. . . . Agitation and propaganda must be carried on with the object of attracting the largest possible masses to active participation in the physical struggle, and of causing confusion, disorganization and disintegration in the adversary's camp. . . .

During an imperialist war, communists must enter the armed forces of their home government with the aim of bringing about their government's defeat. Strikes (in army, navy and the transport and armament industries), demonstrations and industrial sabotage are essential in the campaign to disrupt the war economy of the ruling class. . . . The Party must work for the complete disintegration of discipline and morale within the imperialist army!

These, comrades, are principles based on Lenin's injunction: "One must be ready to make any sacrifice and, if necessary, adopt all possible tricks, dodges and illegal methods." Now let us proceed to the concrete

* A standard textbook of revolutionary tactics at the Lenin School in Moscow.

application of the above theses to the immediate conditions of the United States of America.

Rank militarism raises its ugly head. Daily, tremendous amounts of war materials leave American ports, destined to bolster the British war machine, as Wall Street's down payment to the Churchill bandits for the right to loot the world. In the interest of the world proletariat we must fight both American Militarism and Military Aid to Britain, which only serve to prolong this war among robbers. Therefore, in keeping with the decisions of the Sixth and Seventh World Congresses of the Communist International and the decisions of the World Congress Against Imperialist War, we instruct:

(a) The organization of *Action Committees* in all armament and munitions factories, in commercial and naval shipyards, in railroad centers, in all harbors and on all ships trading from American ports. These Action Committees should be composed of the most militant and reliable elements. The duty of the Action Committees is to distribute anti-war literature, call anti-war meetings, carry on daily discussions among the workers, organize strikes and otherwise ob-

struct the manufacture and transport of war materials. In the present "total war" not only guns and shells, but also uniforms, army and navy provisions and other supplies must be considered as war material. In the preparation of strikes, economic grievances of the workers should be utilized and economic demands advanced to disguise the political revolutionary character of such actions.

(b) The organization of *Red Vigilante Committees* everywhere to check and report on armament orders and consignments of war material. The Vigilante Committees should consist only of tested comrades. Their special duty is to gather exact information on the amounts and quality of war goods ordered, on the dates of their shipment (names of ships, railroad schedules, photographs of labels on packing cases and freight cars), and reliable data on the destination of such war transports. For instance, if a munitions factory in Detroit ships a thousand tons of shells to Philadelphia, the Vigilante Committee of the Detroit plant should inform the Vigilante Committees on the Philadelphia railroads and docks, in advance, of the arrival of this shipment, and they in turn must relay the information at once to the Action Committees aboard

every ship in port. Exhaustive and detailed reports on all war production and war shipments should be forwarded daily by courier to the Central Committee of Red Vigilantes.

(c) Intensified activity in the formation of communist nuclei in naval shipyards and aboard warships, in the National Guard, the CCC camps, the Coast Guard and in all branches of the army. The chief task of these nuclei should be the demoralization and the undermining of discipline of soldiers and sailors. Demands for better food and higher pay, the organization of rank-and-file hatred against the officers, the organization of insubordination, individual and mass desertions, sailors' and soldiers' strikes, open mutinies and disarming of officers are the order of the day. A constant secret distribution of communist literature in shipyards, camps and barracks, and aboard the warships is of utmost importance. We must not be seen, but our presence must be felt! Revolutionary action in the armed forces begins with a protest against bad food or overtime drill, and ends with turning the guns against the home government.

(d) Of outstanding importance is our work among former members of the army and navy, as well as

police. We must make use of the dissatisfaction of jobless ex-service men. Ex-service men are trained in the use of arms. Most of them still have many friends and acquaintances in the army and navy. Therefore we must skilfully utilize their abilities and contacts to train our own military section in the use of modern arms and explosives, and to supply our nuclei with the names and addresses of men still in the service. Often ex-service men are also in possession of valuable information regarding military secrets. Our experience in France, Germany and elsewhere has shown that attractive girl comrades are especially adapted to gathering such information, whether the men are still in the service or not.

(e) Our chief means for the obstruction of the manufacture and transport of war materials is the strike. Every strike, though begun by advancing minor economic demands in behalf of the workers, is a high form of political combat. The only higher forms of political combat are armed demonstrations and the armed insurrection. Both can develop only on the basis of prolonged mass strikes. In the organization of strikes, all comrades, particularly all members of the communist fractions within the trade unions, are to be instructed

to adhere to the following tactical principles:

1. Mobilize all available forces. Strikes do not "break out"; strikes must be prepared by a militant minority.

2. Concentrate your forces at the decisive points.

3. Launch a campaign to win public opinion for our side of the struggle.

4. Always maintain the offensive. Develop the utmost initiative of the masses, but keep control in your hands—at any price. Should the leadership of a strike be taken out of the hands of the communist fraction, every effort should be made to obtain a defeat of the strikers, and to expose reactionary strike leaders as traitors to the working class.

5. Strive to provoke violent clashes between strikers and police. Police violence in the course of strikes helps to impart a political character to the struggle, thus lifting it to a higher plane of revolutionary warfare.

6. Expose and throttle counteractions of the enemy swiftly and ruthlessly. Form special squads for the occupation of factories, railroad yards and ships, and for the terrorization of strikebreakers.

7. A smoothly functioning intelligence and information service is essential to coordinate strike actions in any given number of industries. Comrades should, for this purpose, be placed in advance in the employers' organizations, in the police and among the strike-breaking elements.

8. Energetically exploit your initial successes to strengthen the morale of the masses, to broaden the struggle, draw in the workers of other industries, thus solving the problem of reserves, and to weaken and confuse the enemy.

9. Make use of the element of surprise—surprise attacks at unexpected

points after careful preparation. Victory often depends on the choice of the right moment for attack.

10. Keep the masses busy! In strikes and other forms of action it is most dangerous to leave the masses idle at home. Keep the masses on the streets, at the factory gates, on the harbors!

11. A *United Front* with members of other labor organizations is desirable only if it does not endanger unconditional communist leadership in the respective campaign. In each case the aim of communists must be to establish a pro-communist majority in all United Front Committees.

12. Strike is war, and a war is fought to win; thus a strike must be carried on *with all means*. Limitation as to methods is dictated only by reasons of pure expediency.

(f) In such branches of the armament industries and railroads, in harbors and on ships, where the organizational strength and influence of our comrades is insufficient to lead the masses into strikes, the application of other forms of action, namely *passive resistance and sabotage*, become imperative. Even with politically sluggish and non-class-conscious workers, the constantly repeated suggestion of passive resistance will find response in direct proportion to our ability to stir general dissatisfaction among the industrial and transport personnel.

While passive resistance (slow-down, disobedience of management orders, turning out products of inferior quality) is a powerful

weapon only when it becomes a mass movement, acts of sabotage may be effectively executed by small, well-trained and tightly-knit conspirative groups. The activities of trained sabotage-units can best be covered by provoking a mass of petty-sabotage acts committed by workers who are *not members* of the special S-units. Every comrade detailed for work in the S-units should ostensibly sever all connections with the Party.

No individual sabotage-unit should consist of more than three to five triple-tested activists. We must be aware that in the event of a suppression of our legal organizations by the Government, the brunt of activities will fall on the shoulders of our parallel illegal apparatus. In that case (for instance, the outlawing of strikes in defense industries), the work of our sabotage-units will be of supreme importance. Below follow concrete suggestions as to the best sabotage methods, all of which represent lessons drawn from the activities of the *S-Apparat* of the Comintern during the revolutionary period in Germany, the civil wars following the Soviet Revolution, the campaign against Japan during the Manchurian invasion, during the Spanish civil war, in France, China and elsewhere.

II

The fundamental principle of sabotage consists in finding the most vulnerable link in the process of production or transport — and to slash it at a time when it is needed most by the class enemy.

The use of fire and explosives (the burning or blasting of munitions factories and ships, the blasting of railroads, strategic bridges, etc.) should be limited to centrally-planned, large-scale actions. Instructors will be assigned to train special groups in the use of explosives. We advise, in the preparation of such major actions, the organization of raids on army depots, quarries, dynamite factories and the like for the procurement of the necessary explosives. One member of each S-unit should be made responsible for the safe-keeping of explosives.

Several methods may be used to start fires in factories, storage depots or ships' holds. The use of rags soaked in kerosene is the simplest and cheapest; they can easily be thrown through windows, air-shafts, hatches, or through the ventilators into ships' holds. Kerosene-soaked rags may be placed inconspicuously up to a week in advance to be ignited at a convenient moment. Since no metal parts are

required, it is extremely difficult to trace the cause of such fires. Other methods of firing a factory, depot or ship require the construction of simple incendiary time-bombs and the use of certain easily obtainable chemicals. Expert chemists who have proven themselves reliable communists, should in every case be used to act as consultants to the S-units.

In treating machinery (motors, turbines, ships' engines, etc.), the use of sand, ground glass, grit, cement, steel filings and the like is most effective if such materials are mixed with the lubricants or inserted into engine cylinders. A pailful of sand, correctly applied, is sufficient to disable a factory, warship or the largest liner, necessitating days and often weeks of repair.

The motors of trucks, tanks, airplanes, etc., carried in steamers' holds are easily disabled by sprinkling their parts first with cement and then with water. A ship at sea at night should afford the comrades of our sea-going S-units ample time to enter the ship's hold unnoticed for this purpose.

Certain cargoes may be completely destroyed with little difficulty by a simple application of water. Water may be brought into the cargo hold of a steamer at sea

by a wide range of methods. It often suffices to turn the ventilators *into the wind* at night during heavy weather, when seas are breaking over the ship's railings. Another method is to connect a fire-hose under cover of darkness, and to open the salt-water valve after inserting the nozzle of the hose through an air shaft out of sight of the officer on the bridge. Food and clothing consignments are easily spoiled by contact with salt water. Such cargoes as wheat or soya beans, soaked with a steady trickle of water, will swell enormously and ultimately burst the decks and sides of the strongest ship. Water applied in coal bunkers or coal cargoes will often cause spontaneous combustion. Deck cargoes of lumber may be induced to go overboard by loosening the bolts of shackles used to fasten the chain lashings to the ship's bulwarks. In cases where locomotives, large motor trucks and tanks are carried on deck, a secret unfastening of lashings and bolt ropes will cause the machines to move about and smash the vessel, particularly when the sea is heavy and the ship is pitching or rolling.

Meat cargoes may be rendered unfit for human consumption by dousing them with coal or fuel oil, or by an efficient disabling of the

refrigeration mechanism. Certain other cargoes, such as bananas, cannot survive if the temperature in the hold falls beyond a certain point; in this case an effective obstruction of the heating plant will frequently do the job. Aboard oil tankers loading or discharging their cargo, closing the valves while the pumps are working will invariably cause the ship's pipe system to burst in a number of places. Methods vary according to time and conditions which leave the tactical details of sabotage acts to the cleverness and initiative of the S-units.

There are three fundamental variations in the execution of sabotage acts against the railroads:

1. The damaging of the wheels or the brake system of rolling stock, or the sawing through of a connection between two cars. The disability of a single car will halt the train and thus obstruct all traffic on the line.

2. The disruption of railroad tracks by use of explosives, or by the removal of one or more rails, or by the erection of a barricade (trees, logs, large rocks or a railway car) across the track.

3. The disruption of signal and telegraph systems, or the substitution of *go* signals for *stop* signals.

Of special importance we con-

sider the intensification of the work of our S-units in the naval and commercial shipyards. Here the task of a comrade detailed to sabotage action is to use the art of wreaking damage in a manner which will not interfere with the ship in passing the trial run, but become effective later when the vessel is put under unusual strain. One example illustrates a multitude of possible variations: in Polish shipyards in Gdynia, communists among the riveters succeeded in manipulating rivets so that they were loose in the ship's side, yet appeared sufficiently solid to pass examination by naval inspectors! Our information service reports that the identical method has already been applied in the great Brooklyn Navy Yard. As we must strive to lead our units to copy successful methods everywhere, we must also teach them with great patience not to repeat the mistakes of the past.

In the most consummate instances of sabotage our activists have followed the aim *not to destroy spectacularly* (though that may have great value in certain situations), but to *delay the destruction*, to give the wrecking of a ship, a railroad or factory or airplane the character of an *unavoidable accident*. The more difficult it is during later investigations to determine

the cause of a certain "accident," the better has been the work of the saboteurs.

A few other examples for your guidance:

The timer on a motor, or the altitude meter or speedometer, may be set wrong by a margin small enough to pass casual inspection, but large enough eventually to wreck the machine.

A ship's compasses may be made to show false directions by a clever manipulation of the gyro mechanism, or by the correct adjustment of tiny magnets.

Small piston rings may be cracked with a hammer or stone, or even by hand, before they are installed, causing the engine to fail when put under sudden strain.

Pieces of broken glass may be inserted in the heavy manila hawsers used for the mooring of large ships. With the change of tide or a rising wind, the hawsers will tauten and be cut to pieces by the glass fragments, thus setting the ship adrift to collide with other vessels.

The red and green running lights of certain ships at sea may be interchanged (red to starboard and green to port) to cause collisions.

Oil gauges can be treated so that they will indicate the presence of ample lubricating fluid, while the

reservoirs will actually be nearly empty. This is applicable to all machinery, from automobiles and airplanes to gun turrets and heavy cranes.

Let the above suggestions serve to indicate that there is practically no limit to the number of ways and means of forcing the enemy's machines to come to a standstill.

In the case of the arrest of any member of an S-unit, the following rules should be strictly followed to prevent further seizures of comrades by police.

1. Report every arrest you hear of at once to your unit leader.

2. Warn all comrades whose names and residences are known to the captured comrade.

3. Abandon or change all store-rooms, depots, codes, cover-addresses and meeting places which could have been known to the arrested comrade.

4. Cease all communications with relatives of the arrested comrade.

5. Investigate how the arrested comrade reacted to police pressure and report your findings.

6. Beware of arrested comrades who are released without apparent reason shortly after their arrest.

7. No sentimentalities! Kill traitors!

With international salute!

Central Control Commission — S-Apparat.



A Message to Germany

BY BENITO MUSSOLINI

A GERMAN peace would strengthen and perpetuate Russian militarism and would lead to a new attempt of the Germans to dominate the world. It is absolutely necessary that the Austro-German group be forced into unconditional surrender. This war must continue until the day the Germans will be compelled to beg for peace on their knees. Germany must be crushed so completely that it can do no damage to the world for fifty years to come. — In *Popolo d'Italia*, April 1, 1915.

BULLFROG TIME

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

LIKE the plucked impulse of a rusty string,
The bullfrog from the swamp croaks greedily.

In his hoarse chuckle, grossly, through the noon
He mutters, "Gronk," and at that sound hope fails.

We might have thrilled to see the jewelled fern
Dip to the lilies floating on the pond;

We might have wakened as the blue flags came,
Delicate as orchids, over blobs of grass;

But this old cynic, snoozing in his pool,
Chin-deep, comes yet to tell us worlds are mud.

"Worlds are but mud," repeats that rusty cry,
"You of the fiery-hearted, heed my bliss.

"Put mud within your hearts, set mud across
Your eyes, and let your feet sink deep in slime,

"This oozy world is richer far to keep
Than all the glow of fiery-hearted days."

Like the dull pulsing of a rusty string,
The bullfrog calls, repeating what he knows,

Telling us there's a part of life no heaven
Can ever content, but which stays pent on earth,

To mock alike the sunlight and the moon
With the great scorn of mud, of sodden ground

Scoffing at summits, making youth and age
And fiery-hearted dreams mere mortal clay.

► *Is our social system being remodeled arbitrarily by New Deal officials?*

THE SHERMAN ANTI-TRUST BLACKJACK

BY BURNHAM CARTER

THE Sherman Anti-Trust Act was passed in 1890, and the Department of Justice has been celebrating this Golden Jubilee by a burst of activity. Under the Assistant Attorney General, Mr. Thurman Arnold, the Department has prosecuted some 858 corporations in the past two and one-half years. These include most of the corporations best-known to the public in such industries as automobiles, milk, paper, chemicals, fertilizers, petroleum, business machines, lumber, glass, gypsum, tobacco, electrical equipment, aluminum, baking and others. Since practically everybody is opposed to "trusts," no one would object to this activity if it were designed to prevent unfair restraints of trade. But the Department of Justice is no longer merely concerned with punishing offenders under the anti-trust laws. *It is primarily concerned with reorganizing industry in accordance with its own economic theories.*

Mr. Arnold apparently regards the anti-trust laws as instruments whereby Department officials can

alter industrial processes in the interest of what they regard as a better method of operation. For example, discussing how the anti-trust laws can be used to maintain a free market, Mr. Arnold has made this declaration:

Henry Ford's combination should be dissolved or curbed the moment it is not giving consumers the savings which its more efficient methods are capable of producing.

Of course, the average man would not regard the Ford Motor Company as a "combination." It is simply a company which grew. But the main question is: Should the Ford Company be dissolved whenever the Department of Justice decides its prices aren't low enough? Suppose you insert the name of your own company in that statement. Should the Assistant Attorney General be given such extraordinary economic power?

Those who, like this writer, would answer that question in the negative are not primarily criticizing Mr. Arnold. He happens to be currently in charge of anti-trust

work for the Department of Justice and is engaged in reviving and re-defining its policies, wherefore he must be frequently quoted in this discussion. But the argument is not *ad hominem*: it is against the principle of abusing official power for objectives not stated or implied in the law itself.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Act admittedly lends itself to dubious uses because of the vagueness of the Act itself. It has two principal provisions: (1) forbidding all combination in restraint of trade; (2) prohibiting monopoly. Since monopolies are rare and usually unmistakable, we are chiefly concerned with the first provision. If that provision were taken literally, it would prevent all concerted action by business, whatever its effect; as Justice Brandeis once pointed out, any agreement between two business enterprises is in some way a restraint of trade. The Sherman Act itself set up no definition, but in 1911 the Supreme Court established the "rule of reason" which said that the Act forbade business combination only when the restraint of trade was *unreasonable*. But after twenty-nine years this rule was largely nullified by the Supreme Court decision in the Madison, Wisconsin, oil case last year which held that *any* concerted

action which has the effect of raising prices is illegal, whether it is reasonable or unreasonable, or whether or not it corrects an undesirable condition.

There is no disagreement between business and government as to this confusing character of the Sherman Act. Mr. Arnold states:

The judicial interpretation of the Act in the last forty years has not only lacked precision; it has also lacked any direction whatever. No one has been able to explain along the lines of any consistent theory what cases under the anti-trust laws mean. The effect of these scattered and inconsistent precedents has been to make the anti-trust laws full of legal ambushes and traps.

But, you say, we have an independent judiciary designed to check an ambitious official from taking advantage of a loosely defined law. Unfortunately, the courts today offer little protection to business against the methods used by the Department of Justice.

The Department's procedure in an anti-trust suit works like this: The Department announces that your company and several others have apparently been guilty of some illegal practices, calling for an investigation. This is really only an *announcement* of an investigation, but, of course, newspapers naturally headline the charges of "monopoly" or "conspiracy," which

makes you a little self-conscious among your friends and acquaintances. The Department may then send its investigators into the companies for several months. It will expect free office space, free secretarial work, free photostat copies of documents, etc. An industry's actual cost in cooperating with the Department in this investigation may run to several hundred thousand dollars, and often is much more. The indirect cost — in neglected business and impaired prestige — may be enormous.

Having acquired its evidence the Department can then proceed in one of two ways, or both: (1) It can bring a suit in equity for an injunction; i.e., it can appeal to the court to forbid the company to carry on those practices alleged to be in violation of the anti-trust laws. This procedure is usually regarded by the Department as too mild.

(2) It can, and usually does, undertake criminal proceedings by placing the evidence before a Grand Jury and asking for a criminal indictment. Mr. Arnold himself has called the method of criminal indictment "a clumsy instrument" because "it makes an economic offense appear as a moral one." He states, however, that the method of criminal indictment is necessary, and he intends to use it extensively.

Now, Grand Juries were organized to consider moral offenses, not economic ones. The Grand Jurors will have little, if any, first-hand knowledge of the difficult technical questions involved. They are not permitted to hear both sides of the case, but only the Government's side. Under these conditions the Government almost always gets the indictment for which it asks. But the Department of Justice is not limited to carrying out a civil suit or a criminal proceeding; in football parlance, it is a triple-threat player; it can also use the *consent decree*. This is a decree signed in court by which the company agrees to abandon or change certain practices, in return for the dropping of the suit.

Mr. Arnold admits that this agreement by the Department not to press a case is "a power which is easy to abuse." He is a strong believer in the consent decree, however, and is confident that he will not abuse it. It enables the Department to approach its victim and say: "We have obtained a criminal indictment from the Grand Jury against you and we are prepared to bring you to trial for it. (Or we are prepared to proceed with our civil suit against you.) This will cause you great spiritual pain and considerable economic loss. Therefore,

you may want to submit a proposition to the Department stating what you would be willing to do. If the Department likes it, and if you will sign such a statement in court, the Department will let the case drop."

In defending this type of procedure, the Department makes a claim which in itself should render the layman somewhat suspicious. The Department states: "No prosecution today will be dropped merely because the defendants have ceased the practices for which they are being prosecuted." It is the official policy of the Department to obtain conditions in a consent decree "which go beyond what the law requires and beyond anything that might be achieved through successful criminal prosecution. . . . *A consent decree may contain various socially desirable provisions for reforming the conduct of an industry even though the Government could not force the defendants to accept such provisions.*"

II

When a consent decree is proposed in this manner, you might expect good red-blooded American corporations to stand up and fight; that is, unless they really think they are in the wrong. The signing of a

consent decree is usually construed by the public as a confession of wrong-doing. Nevertheless, most companies prefer to sign. There are several good reasons for doing so.

First of all, if by any chance the companies should lose the case, the economic penalties will probably be considerable. That is not because the penalties in the law itself are heavy. There is no penalty at all in a civil proceeding (the company is merely forbidden to continue with the practice under question), and in a criminal proceeding the penalty may be a fine of \$5000 for each offense or a year's imprisonment, or both. The penalty of imprisonment is rarely imposed; the fine of \$5000 for each offense is usually not excessive where millions of dollars may have been involved in the transactions.

But the Sherman Act has a clause known as the treble-damage provision which gives any private person the right to recover *triple* damages, including attorney's fees, for any violation of the Act which has injured him. The law provides that if the Government is successful in a criminal or civil suit, then the court record is *prima facie* evidence of violation of the law for any civil plaintiff seeking treble-damages. A company losing an anti-trust case may be greeted, therefore, by a bar-

rage of suits from people who claim that they have been damaged.

The second reason is that the Government under the anti-trust act can bring its suit to court in any community where the so-called conspiracy was conducted or operated. If the companies involved are nationwide in scope, this means practically any community at all. In this way the Government can pick a locale favorable to its complaint—and there are certain places where any big corporation is licked before it starts to fight. For example, the obvious reason why the Government brought suit against the oil companies in Madison, Wisconsin, is that small Midwestern farmers, in a section famous for progressivism, would probably be hostile to “big business.”

Third, the trial and possible conviction would result in very unfavorable publicity for the corporation and for the individuals concerned—publicity far more harmful than the penalties prescribed in the law. And, of course, these court cases are expensive; in anti-trust proceedings they may cost the industry several million dollars.

Under these conditions, business hesitates to fight an anti-trust action, especially since no one knows how the law will be inter-

preted. The Department, therefore, can force business to abandon practices which business believes to be entirely legal and desirable from every standpoint.

As might be expected, the present economic theories of the Department of Justice are based upon the now familiar charge of a conflict between “business” and the farmers, laborers, consumers and small enterprises. According to this theory, the world of organized business enjoys “concentrated control, which makes possible high and rigid prices, which in turn lead to restriction of production and wholesale discharge of labor.” The Department does not think highly of big business organizations. In fact, in an interview on the radio celebrating the aforementioned Golden Jubilee, Mr. Arnold was asked the question: “In other words, practically all the necessities of life are wastefully distributed?” He replied: “Yes, I think that is a fair statement.”

Even a professional business-baiter might find that a little breath-taking. If we have, indeed, wastefully distributed all the necessities of life, it is practically a miracle that we should still have far more of those necessities than any other country in the world. In documents and speeches Mr. Arnold has indicated how the Depart-

ment would reorganize American industry through its anti-trust prosecutions. For example, he has this to say about the oil industry:

There is no difference in motor fuels because they have become standardized. Competition had become a race to see which company could put out the most expensive hokum. Millions have been spent in advertising different brands that were in fact all the same. Filling stations more luxurious than the homes of most of the customers appeared on every corner. Maps were given away free. Unnecessary services were added. Men were hired to smile at poor customers and say: "Happy motoring."

It may be true that there is little difference between the standard brands of gasoline — although those are fighting words to the dealer in Mobilgas or Esso or Texaco or Sunoco or any one of the familiar trademarks. But no informed person would argue that these gasolines have not been improved year after year. *And it is competition which forces them constantly to surpass one another's quality.* Perhaps, also, as this quotation seems to imply, the oil companies should not have improved upon the gasoline service of the old days. They should have kept to the single, unsealed hand pump in front of the grocery store. They should never have given away road maps or offered to clean a windshield, pump a tire or

put water in the battery. The consumer, however, seems to like these things, even if Mr. Arnold doesn't; and which is to decide whether or not the companies should offer them?

Let us take another illustration. Mr. Arnold states:

Reliable automobile engineers tell me that it is possible to make an excellent light car to sell for \$300 which will go forty miles on a gallon of gasoline. Such a car would give the consumer cheaper transportation. It would also give the farmer a greater portion of the consumer's dollar. . . . But such a free market would cause a loss of millions to the great automobile manufacturers by forcing them to change their present highly organized processes in order to put out the \$300 car.

The conclusion is, therefore, that the automobile companies are taking money from the consumer by deliberately refusing to make a \$300 car.

Now, an automobile engineer might agree that it is possible to build "an excellent light car" to sell for \$300. But, of course, it would be light, small, much less powerful and lacking in much equipment. Two or three companies have put out light cars, not selling for a price as low as that, but selling for considerably less than the standard low-priced car. The public response has not been encouraging; the public apparently

would rather pay more for something better. To say that the automobile companies deliberately refrained from trying out a \$300 car because it would call for expensive new manufacturing processes is clearly ridiculous. When Ford abandoned the Model T, beginning in 1927, he spent \$128,000,000 to re-tool and re-equip his plants for the new model. For just ordinary re-tooling for a new model, Chrysler spent \$15,000,000 last year and \$12,000,000 in 1939.

Year after year the automobile manufacturers have been building the type of car which their studies of consumer preference indicate that the public will buy. It may be that Mr. Arnold would like a simpler \$300 car, but again, who is to decide — the Assistant Attorney General or the consuming public?

III

One of the strangest of the economic theories advocated by the Assistant Attorney General has to do with advertising. Mr. Arnold charges that the automobile companies, the oil companies, the cigarette manufacturers, the milk companies and others have created such a demand for their products by advertising that the retailer

must carry them. That, of course, is what advertising is for; and in the face of a storm of protest Mr. Arnold explained that what he condemned was the "coercive use" of advertising in such things as "full-line forcing," by which a manufacturer compels a dealer to take his whole line of products. Space is lacking to discuss this question here. The point is, as Mr. Arnold admits, that "the Anti-Trust Division is not empowered by law to exercise any control whatever over advertising." But by the consent decree the Department can compel the manufacturer to accept changes in his advertising policy.

The extent of the Department's economic planning is indicated in the suit now pending against twenty-two major oil companies — a new one, in addition to the other oil suits which have been mentioned. The original draft of the complaint required these companies, among other things, to give up their transportation and marketing facilities; that is, their pipe lines, bulk plants, storage terminals, tank cars, trucks, barges, service stations, etc. This proposed break-up of a basic industry was so drastic, however, that the Defense Commission has asked the Department to *postpone* (!) this part of the suit on the ground that it

would hamper the oil industry's defense operations!

Now, this is the Golden Jubilee of the anti-trust laws, and we naturally want to have something to celebrate. As we look back, we may gladly give credit to the Government for several notable victories achieved over monopolies and combinations clearly in restraint of American trade. Mr. Thurman Arnold himself has many supporters, and many of the activities of the Anti-Trust Division under him have been desirable — *which* ones is a matter of opinion. People, of course, tend to praise the administration of justice when it has not affected them adversely. Labor organizations have been glad to see Mr. Arnold attack certain businesses; businessmen have been relieved that he has also attacked certain monopolistic labor union practices. It depends upon whose ox is being gored.

But neither business nor government is satisfied with the anti-trust laws as they stand. Both admit that the laws are loosely written and vague, that the court interpretations have been contradictory, and that the usual method of criminal procedure is not appropriate to trade agreements where ordinarily no crime is involved. One proposal to remedy this sit-

uation is to re-establish the "rule of reason" by writing it in the statute itself; i.e., by forbidding only *unreasonable* restraint of trade.

A second proposal would increase the penalties in a civil suit, so that the Government could use this method more effectively without resorting to criminal prosecution. In principle, this suggestion is sound. For the reasons given in this article, a civil proceeding would be much fairer to business than a criminal prosecution, and business should have no objection, provided that civil penalties are brought within reason. But unfortunately, the first Congressional proposal to strengthen the civil proceeding set the penalties so high as to make the whole thing ridiculous. The Hobbs and O'Mahoney bills, introduced in the last session of the House and Senate respectively, prescribe a mandatory penalty for each offense of twice the total net income, and twice the individual's total compensation, during the period of violation (a period which may be years and which may involve a practice undertaken in good faith). If this had been applied to the Madison oil case, for example, it has been calculated that thirteen of the companies involved — all those for which figures were available and not including the individual de-

endants — would have had to pay fines totalling \$2,996,481,268! Facing such ruinous penalties for any violation of a vague law — however small, technical and localized — management would hardly be able to operate at all.

A third proposal is to illuminate the twilight zone of the anti-trust laws by enabling industry to get official opinions in advance (“declaratory judgments”) as to proposed agreements. The problem here is to hold this within practicable limits. One of the leading business associations has recommended a bill whereby *all agreements to eliminate unfair practices* could be submitted to the Department of Justice for approval or disapproval. If the Department approved, then it could not institute civil or criminal action under the anti-trust laws against that agreement. If it disapproved, this would mean that the Department intended to prosecute, and this justiciable controversy could then be submitted to the regular courts.

One small additional change has also been suggested, in order to lessen the encouragement to unjustified damage suits: namely, to limit the *tripling* of damages to cases where the court declares the violation to be intentional.

These proposals would give industry a fairer chance to oppose those anti-trust actions which seemed unreasonable, and this in turn would help to clarify the Sherman Act. They would also help industry to determine whether it could safely proceed with agreements designed to eliminate unfair or undesirable trade practices. This would promote fair competition among business enterprises, on the one hand, and, on the other, would restrain the Anti-Trust Division from remolding American business to its heart’s desire, a task which it is neither designated nor qualified to perform. This would be important at any time; it is doubly important now when industry must operate at top efficiency if the nation is to be adequately defended.

PORTRAIT OF A PHILOSOPHER

A DARK thorn-apple tree is he,
his sharp wit gone awry,
who with his cryptic question stabs
an unsuspecting sky. — FRANCES FROST

► *A Bulgarian statesman and soldier who knows his Latin neighbors well writes*

IN DEFENSE OF ITALIAN SOLDIERS

BY KOSTA TODOROV

MONTESQUIEU once remarked of the Italians: "Their imagination is so lively that they foresee danger before it exists." Never in history have they been eager soldiers; but until recently it was supposed that nineteen years of Fascist rule had changed the Italian people and "restored" to them the military virtues of ancient Rome. Greece and Libya have demonstrated that despite Mussolini, the Italians still don't enjoy war for the sake of a politician's ambitions. Besides, despite Fascist mythology, Italians have nothing in common with the Romans, who disappeared as a people centuries before the Italian race emerged from the barbarian hordes that overran Rome in the days of its decline.

The French and Germans have always been excellent and determined fighters. The Russians arrive late to the battlefield, as to their private appointments, but, although often badly led, they have been stubborn fighters. But Italians have always been brilliant

politicians and bad soldiers. Italy as such began to take shape in the Twelfth Century. When the cult of knighthood flourished, almost all the European aristocracy was of military origin. Italian aristocracy is the exception — it sprang from banking and trade and received letters of nobility from the Pope. Only a few noble families of Italy originated in *condottieri*, military chieftains, and the fighting prowess of these gentry has been much misunderstood and more overrated.

During the Renaissance, the teeming Italian city states, republics and principalities sometimes did wage war against one another. But these struggles, known as the *elegant wars*, were little more than Italian operas. In the first act, the overture was played before the walls of the besieged city and the two contending armies exchanged eloquent curses at the expense of each other's patron Madonna. In the second act, several knights on horseback, clad in invulnerable Milanese armor, staged a mock

battle before spectators in which no one was seriously hurt. This bout occurred without a referee and both sides always claimed victory. In the third act, when both contenders became bored with the siege, negotiations, conducted on a strictly business basis, took place between the rival *condottieri*. The final act saw the city surrendered to the enemy for a fixed payment, the besieged army retiring through one gate and the triumphant "victors" entering through another, amid popular acclaim. If there were casualties, more victims were smitten by Venus than by Mars.

A parchment in the archives of Verona, containing the proclamation of a noted Fourteenth Century *condottiere*, reads as follows:

Brave Veronese! I summon you to my victorious banners. During the ten years I have commanded armies, only six of my men have been killed and fifteen wounded. Each man who enters my army will receive three imperial thalers a month, and he who comes on horse will receive eight thalers.

"GUIDOBALDO, COUNT OF VERONA"

Italian generals such as Jean de la Forêt Noire, Count Malatesta, Prince Colona and Count Orsini, who violated the code of *elegant war* by stooping to bloodshed, were called "bandits."

When King Charles VIII of France crossed the Alps in 1494

as the ally of Caesar Borgia and the Florentine Republic, all Italy was filled with dread. His knights from Burgundy and Languedoc, and his Swiss *landsknechte* from Bern, Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden, knew nothing of *elegant war*. They pillaged, murdered and destroyed in all seriousness. To describe such outlandish methods of warfare, the Italians coined the phrase *furia francese* — "the French fury" — which they use to this day. On one occasion, 200 drunken French knights, irked by prolonged inactivity, attacked the troops of Caesar Borgia, their ally, and put them to flight. This army, numbering 15,000 men, was the best in Italy.

The French Prime Minister complained to Machiavelli, then Florentine envoy to France, that the Italians were very inept in warfare. "My advice to you Italians," he said, "is that you never become involved in war. You aren't suited for it." Machiavelli replied slyly: "You Frenchmen *are* suited for war, but in the name of God, don't ever try your hand at politics."

II

Italians have, indeed, balanced their ineptitude in war by singular genius in politics. In all the wars of

the *Risorgimento*, Italy's Nineteenth Century national reawakening, even though the Italians were always defeated on the battlefield, with each lost war they gained a province. Defeated by the Austrians in 1849 and again in 1859, the Italians were saved by the intervention of Napoleon III and received Lombardy. In 1866, after the Austrians gave them a thorough trouncing at Custozza, the Italians obtained the province of Venetia when their Prussian allies defeated Austria in the battle of Sadowa. In 1870, the French garrison of Rome defeated Garibaldi's troops, but after the French lost to the Germans at Sedan, the garrison was withdrawn and the Italians occupied Rome to complete the unification of Italy. Bismarck, revealing to the French Ambassador an Italian proposal for an Italo-German alliance against France, once said: "The Italians took Lombardy with your help and Venetia with ours. Like jackals they follow the lion's footsteps to pick up part of his booty."

During the *Risorgimento* Italy produced remarkable statesmen, but the Italian people still demonstrated their unchanging distaste for battle. In World War I, a relatively small Austrian army held the Italians at bay for two years

and in 1917, 180,000 German troops routed nearly the entire Italian army at Caporetto, taking almost a half million prisoners and 2000 cannon. The French General Fayolle, commanding hastily dispatched French and British divisions, finally halted the Austro-German offensive and thus Italy was saved again.

Most Italians, except rabid followers of Mussolini, are wholly good-humored about their military shortcomings. An Italian told me this one: In the last war, an Italian regiment received orders to go over the top. The commander leaped out of the trenches, brandished his sword and shouted the battlecry: "*Avanti Savoia!*" His men remained in their positions, applauded with approval and cried: "*Bravo, Signor Capitano! Que bella voce!*" ("Bravo, Captain, what a beautiful voice you have!") And the following story was corroborated by several participants. A detachment of Czechs, forced to fight in the Austrian army, tried to surrender en masse to join the Allies. Yet, although they advanced unarmed across the battlefield, the Italians fled when they saw them. An artillery barrage followed and the Czechs had no choice but to occupy the abandoned Italian trenches.

Another Czech's experience was even more ludicrous. He, too, wished to switch sides and during a lull in the fighting, he left the Austrian trenches and walked unarmed into No Man's Land. He intended to surrender; but to his surprise, he was greeted by five Italians who insisted that he had captured them. Only after the absurdity of the situation was pointed out to them did they consent to take him prisoner.

Mussolini was supposed to have changed all that. As a matter of fact, Il Duce himself is not quite the Roman he pretends to be, as I discovered when I called on him one day. Our conversation was very pleasant. Mussolini was easy, jocular, in his manner — until a newsreel man entered. At once he adopted a stern Roman pose and gesticulated ferociously before the camera. In spite of myself, I burst out laughing. When the photographer left, Mussolini said with a grin, "You laugh? So do I, but it's necessary for my people." So long as he remembered he was only the impresario and star of a new Italian opera, Mussolini made few serious mistakes. By intrigue, bribery and paid assassination he won many successes. He bombarded Corfu in 1923 when the Greeks, utterly exhausted by a costly war with

Turkey, were incapable of defending themselves. He risked the Ethiopian expedition, knowing that the Ethiopians had practically no army. Still, most of the actual fighting in Africa was done by native Askari troops.

Mussolini entered the present war only when he thought the fighting was practically over. When he attacked Greece he believed the nation, faced with his invading army, would succumb without struggle to his Fifth Column. Finally forced to send his men into real battle, Mussolini can scarcely be surprised to see them behave with the common sense, good humor and aversion to unnecessary bloodshed which have always characterized this highly civilized people. Obligatory Fascist discipline has not changed them. They love their native sunlight, songs, wine and women too well to let promises of empire beguile them.

But though Italy may again lose on the battlefield, this defeat may also add a province — if Germany should happen to win the war. Meanwhile, the report from Bardia of the surrender of 2000 Italian soldiers to five Australians and an American newspaper correspondent, carries a century-old ring of truth — even if the particular tale is apocryphal.

HAMILTON FISH, SUPERPATRIOT

By JOHN RICHMOND

CONGRESSMAN HAMILTON FISH was famous long before he became a member of that mythical firm of Martin, Barton and Fish. He deserved the fame. Not that he sponsored any particularly profound legislation — his bills run mostly to the fantastic, the sensational and the ultra-patriotic — but rather because he has nuzzled in the public feed bag since 1920 and is unquestionably the best publicized Member of Congress. He is never relaxed unless his name is prominently in print. Let another Congressman gain a temporary clutch on the news columns and Ham, as he is affectionately called everywhere, commences yowling on some subject or other until he gets back his stranglehold on the headlines. Besides, he has managed in these recent years to obtain more favorable publicity for Hitler and Mussolini than their own registered press agents, with the result that a faintly totalitarian aura has come to edge Ham's reputation.

Congressman Fish's actions and words are invariably unpredictable

and inconsistent. He takes contradictions in his stride with such agility that he is scarcely aware of them. But whether they jibe with one another or not, his opinions are invariably emphatic and usually startling. He attacked communism and was jeered by his Republicans; he attacked capitalism and was sneered at by the Democrats. His exploits just can't help looking somewhat outlandish, and therefore newsworthy. The Washington correspondents admit unanimously that he possesses a Barnum-like flair for publicity, and that measured solely by lines of newsprint he is our leading American statesman. The suspicion is that Mr. Fish himself measures his stature as a public figure in that way. When Republican leaders loosely talked about running Ham for President in 1936, they said that if he emerged with more clippings than votes he would feel amply rewarded.

Twenty minutes after Congressman Fish began his public career, more than two decades ago, he introduced a resolution providing

for the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington. It made the front pages, of course. He has handed out publicity releases ever since on all conceivable occasions, with feverish intensity and at notable length. Once after a two-minute chat with President Hoover he presented newspapermen with a 1500-word typewritten release of his remarks. This caused a caustic correspondent to crack: "Hell, even Floyd Gibbons couldn't warble 1500 words in two minutes." Mr. Fish loves being the guest of honor at banquets and is one of the darlings of the DAR. He manages to scurry around to an extraordinary number of receptions, debates, forums, always with a pocketful of neatly prepared releases.

Mr. Fish's very appearance spotlights him. He is six feet four, weighs 215 pounds, has thick black hair and bushy eyebrows, and bears in his square, craggy face a striking resemblance to Jack Dempsey. He scarcely looks his fifty-two years. He is a boyish fellow with immense charm and his precise speech is indisputably Harvard. He usually wears plain blue serge suits, baggy but well cut, and sloppily tied cravats. Ham is obviously a well-bred gentleman — the Fishes have been conspicuously with us in America for over three centuries.

It is no less obvious that he is no great scholar or recondite thinker. Feeling himself among the most serious-minded Members of Congress, it irritates Ham that people do not take him seriously. That is perhaps what inflames his appetite for newsprint. The word "innocuous" has been applied to him, rightly or wrongly, despite his bellowings on so many profound subjects, including the virtues of Mussolini's and Hitler's regimes. But there is nothing about Ham Fish that anyone could hate. While used to the luxuries of life, he firmly eschews the snobbishness of the run-of-the-mill member of his class. He actually comes closest to being the American counterpart of an English gentleman trained for government service. It is said that his grandfather left him a generous stack of chips especially to permit him to follow a "statesman's career." Ham applies himself diligently, if not always successfully, to the assignment.

II

To understand Hamilton Fish fully as he is today, a quick look at his major activities is necessary. Actually only two topics have held his undivided attention during his adult years: the menace of com-

munism and the joys of Americanism, the special brand beloved by the DAR. His love of country he has couched in such passionate terms that "God Bless America" sounds like a subversive chant by comparison. He calls himself a liberal Republican, carefully avoiding the company of the party's conservative wheel-horses, but he yields second place to none in upholding the status quo. When the country reached its economic depths in 1932, he knew the solution: "The way out of the depression," said he, "lies in following the principles of George Washington."

In his first decade in Congress, Ham devoted his talents chiefly to noble, patriotic and remarkably harmless causes. He sponsored bills providing for a tomb for the Unknown Soldier, for the return and burial of the Unknown Soldier, for bestowing the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross on the Unknown Soldier, and later for replacing the marble on the Unknown Soldier's tomb with granite. He also fathered free trips to Europe for Gold Star parents and the bill making Armistice Day a legal holiday. Certainly none of it did any damage.

He started his second decade in Congress by setting up as the

Nemesis of communists. Granted an appropriation of \$25,000, Mr. Fish stomped up and down the country roaring that there were at least 500,000 communists and 5,000,000 of their sympathizers threatening the nation. Maybe there were, but he never explained how he arrived at these figures. At last he staged a raid on an untenanted Baltimore warehouse alleged, according to private tips, to be communist national headquarters. With two cab-loads of Secret Service men and a corps of Baltimore cops, Ham descended on this outpost of Moscow. They laid a cordon, established guards, and stealthily entered the gloomy warehouse, guns drawn. They captured exactly one crate of lettuce. His report on communist activities in the U.S.A., when issued, was promptly pigeon-holed by Hoover, and even the arch-Republican New York *Herald-Tribune* berated Ham.

Currently Congressman Fish has achieved national attention as one of America's best dressed-down isolationists. His was the Fish Amendment that attempted to delay the draft sixty days — an obvious pre-election political maneuver. He is peeved at being thought of as an appeaser but does not deny that he is rabidly isola-

tionist. England, he says, is doomed to become a socialist state after the war anyhow. Nevertheless he is not above granting all available aid in war material to Great Britain, adding the proviso that cash on the line accompany all orders.

The debate on the Lend-Lease Bill provided a picnic for Ham. In his usual fine fettle he bellowed loudly against the bill, hogging the headlines from his confrères on the House Foreign Relations Committee until he ran up against its chairman, Sol Bloom, a patriot in his own right. This clash of peppy patriots resulted in Congressman Bloom publicly rapping Mr. Fish on the knuckles when he discovered him up to his old tricks of stealing the show. But this tart rebuke made Mr. Fish happy, for it resulted in more front-page news stories about him. Finally muzzled, Congressman Fish mounted the radio hustings and there conducted a one-man blitzkrieg against the Lend-Lease Bill. For one day, anyway, his antics again eclipsed hearings of his committee.

It is when he speaks of Germany that Mr. Fish's unusual ideas tend to become considerably more so. Although well-traveled in Europe, he has never met Hitler nor read *Mein Kampf*; but he is certain the Führer has no designs on the United

States since he is only interested in Germanic nations. "To think that Germany would attempt serious military action in South America is preposterous," he adds, and just before the current war broke out he proclaimed, "If Hitler is given Danzig, the Polish Corridor and anything else he wants, everything can be settled by arbitration." Of the German White Paper, an avowed propaganda publication which accused the United States of making war alliances with Poland and France, Mr. Fish said, "I cannot conceive of the German Foreign Office fabricating or forging the documents." Once at a German Day rally at Madison Square Garden he spoke from a platform decorated with Nazi flags, explaining his appearance there by saying this group was against communism. This was before Hitler and Stalin kissed and made up. Recently he also spoke at a closed meeting of the Steuben Society in New York where \$100,000 was being raised, according to press reports, to finance an anti-British campaign.

Nevertheless, Congressman Fish claims he dislikes the Nazis as much as he does the communists and heartily favors deporting "all alien agitators." He is certain there are now 2,000,000 communists and their sympathizers in this country,

but only 5000 Nazis. Communists, he reasons, are therefore still the greatest threat to America's well-being. To sum up, he says he cannot see any reason why the United States should enter the war and insists that only Wall Street bankers and large industrialists favor it. Thus Congressman Fish now finds himself, strangely enough, in the same camp as the communists, who make the same charges and in very much the same style.

III

Hamilton Fish was born at Garrison, in Dutchess County, New York, a stone's throw from President Roosevelt's estate. At six he was shipped off to military school in Albany, and he later matriculated at exclusive St. Mark's School. He went in strenuously for athletics, and at Harvard, his next educational stop, it wasn't long before he captained the football team. This event brought him congratulatory telegrams from President Taft, Elsie Janis, and Jay Gould, all friends of the family. Ham's father was a member of the House, his grandfather Governor of New York and later Secretary of State under Grant, his great-grandfather a commander at the battle of Yorktown. Peter Stuyve-

sant, the peppery peg-legged governor of Nieu Amsterdam, was in the family, and besides, Ham's aunt, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, was once unchallenged empress of New York and Newport Society. Even today the consciousness of being a Fish is one of Ham's most pronounced characteristics.

Ham became one of Harvard's great football captains; Walter Camp chose him not only as All-American tackle, but also as an all-time All-American player. Scholastically he was no slouch either, for he was graduated *cum laude* and offered a post as instructor in political science, which he refused. He has never missed a Harvard-Yale football game since 1905, and about football he prattles for hours with the enthusiasm of an unspoiled undergraduate. When West Point and Annapolis broke off football relations in 1927, Mr. Fish, a broken man, made the affair a national issue. When a former Harvard football star once denounced the game as brutal, Ham, who played opposite the Army captain killed in the 1909 Harvard-Army game, wrote a rousing defense of football in the *Saturday Evening Post*. He proudly announced that every member of his team at Harvard had made good in later life — "especially," he said, "if in-

come tax figures are any criterion."

After leaving Harvard, Ham was successively his father's private secretary and clerk in a construction firm, but soon transferred his affections to John C. Paige Company, an insurance house affiliated today with Sargeant and Roosevelt, Jimmy's celebrated concern. Ham is still associated with them as Vice-President and business-getter and toils in their New York office between sessions of Congress.

When the World War broke out Ham enlisted promptly and sailed to France as a captain in the 369th Infantry, a Negro National Guard regiment he helped to organize. One of his first acts in the war was organizing a football team before his regiment sailed. Later, as a Major in the Army of Occupation, one of his last acts in the war was to organize a team on the Rhine. He received a Croix de Guerre for bravery and the French affectionately called him *Jambon Poisson*. Ham seemed to find in the war all the excitement of a football scrimmage, until his horse was blown up in a stable behind the lines. "War is no respecter of men or animals," he wrote to a friend profoundly. One of his letters to his father was published in the *New York Times*. He wrote:

Being hit is a good deal a matter of

luck, or as the French say, *bonne chance*. I'm willing to take my chance with the rest of them and I am pleased to hear that the nation has taken off its shackles and destroyed the maggots of pacifism which fed on its carcass and lulled us into a fancied security.

This doesn't sound much like Ham Fish today. However, at the war's end he helped organize the American Legion, and was chairman of the committee that wrote the preamble to its constitution.

Mustered out of the Army, Ham served one term in the New York State Assembly and was even called "a maverick whom the GOP Tories could not tame." The following year he arrived in Congress to complete the unexpired term of a man who resigned, and he has warmed this seat ever since. One of his earliest pieces of legislation was to sponsor a bill for a \$30,000 monument in France honoring the colored American soldiers who fought in the French Army. He is devoted to the Negroes and rebuked President Lowell of Harvard for excluding Negroes from the freshman dormitories. Today his district contains many Negroes, including Father Divine, whom he once interviewed so impressively that the talk was printed by the good father and distributed to his disciples.

Equally impressive is Congressman Fish's technique as an orator.

He drapes his facts in an American flag, adds a dash of the perils of communism and then lets himself go. Often his speeches are lyrical — like his remark at a cornerstone-laying that “way down in their hearts the people love the letter-carrier and believe in him and trust him.” But sometimes they are statistical, as was his address at the George Washington Bicentennial commenting bitterly that history had been done an injustice when Valley Forge and Morristown were better advertised than Newburgh and New Windsor. The latter, he told the audience, were really more significant since George Washington spent 813 fighting days in that district and 235 more within a radius of thirty miles. He incorporated these figures in a fine brochure, *George Washington in the Highlands or Some Unwritten History*. Once annoyed by a letter in a local newspaper stating that Washington was six feet three — taller than Lincoln — Ham replied pointing out that Washington was six feet two, whereas Lincoln was six feet four; and for good measure he added that Madison was our shortest president, five feet four; Polk the leanest, Van Buren the tiniest, and Taylor the most careless in dress. Such lessons of American history are close to his heart.

In Congress his speeches are invariably elaborate and chockfull of classical allusions, yet his remarks are less amiably received by his fellow members than they are by his friends in his own election district. A Congressman once referred to Ham as a common scold, adding that “Mr. Fish’s inaccuracy is as great as his height.” And one colleague, finding himself unable to follow the intricacies of Ham’s mind, remarked, “I have been listening to the gentleman religiously for the past twenty minutes, and will the gentleman kindly tell me, for my own information, which side of the question he is on?” Congressional colleagues sometimes twit Ham about the fact that he spends sleepless nights when the newspapers casually refer to a fifteen-minute conference he has had with the President as a “two-minute call.” Mr. Fish tries to meet all this razzing in a dignified way, making few comments, for like so many men who take themselves very seriously, he can attribute little of his fame to his sense of humor.

He takes seriously also the political status of the Roosevelts as compared to the Fishes. Towards his neighbor, Franklin D., he maintains a not altogether friendly attitude; politically he tosses ven-

omous barbs at him. "I represent the outstanding family politically in the United States," Ham once boasted proudly, "except maybe the Roosevelts." Then he quickly added, "More so than the Roosevelts, because they haven't gone down the line the way we have." Recently, when he stepped in to see Mr. Roosevelt, he found the President roaring heartily as he made his entrance. "What's the joke?" asked Ham seriously. "Nothing," replied the President, "only I was just thinking how all the voters usually rush around looking for a minute with their Congressmen and how lucky I am that my Congressman runs around looking for me." Naturally, Ham didn't think that was even slightly funny.

It is not difficult to understand how Ham keeps on being sent back to Congress, for he exercises the usual judicious care for the financial destinies of his loyal voters. It was Congressman Fish, indeed, who introduced the bill raising the salary of West Point's organist from \$1500 to \$2000, and he has also been a vociferous advocate of deepening the Hudson River as far as Albany. This would not only give employment to some of his constituents but would put him in a joyful mood as he sat on his front porch gazing at transatlantic liners steam-

ing by. A Constitutionalist of the most rigid kind, he cannot violate his sworn duty to uphold the fundamental law of the land. He upheld the dry law, for example, with the fortitude of a lion because it was in the Constitution. Such adherence to law and order appeals to the populace and Ham well knows it. And when he tells his people, "I favor putting taxes where they can be seen and felt — income, inheritance, and sales — not processing taxes, and I am also heartily against tax-exempt securities," they cheer him lustily. But his popularity seems to be slipping. For a poll recently conducted by *Fortune's* trend-sniffer indicated that only 19 per cent of Ham's constituents supported his fight against the Lend-Lease Bill.

Actually Hamilton Fish is as natural to the American scene as dust storms or the boll weevil, which is probably why he is able to plug along in his political career. The remarkable part of the story is that so many people in Europe listen to Hamilton Fish with more than an appearance of polite attention; the European press, especially its more totalitarian sector, quotes him in deadly earnest. After all that is an attention he rarely receives from American commentators.

Who said the sun is



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ROY PINNEY

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- coming up again ?

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HIS THIRD BEST FRIEND'S WIFE

A Story

By JEROME WEIDMAN

THE red and green neon sign over the Chinese restaurant on Broadway had been switched off. It was a few minutes after three o'clock, too late to attract people looking for a good, cheap lunch, and too early to start coaxing in people who wanted a good, cheap dinner. On this wet, unpleasant afternoon, perhaps ten minutes after the sign was switched off, a young man stepped from the curb at the other side of the street. He ducked his head into the rain, dodged several taxis as he ran obliquely across Broadway, and walked into "The New Cantonese College Inn," whistling very softly a complicated swing version of "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair."

He stopped just inside the door to shake the rain from his stained tan trench coat and looked around the empty restaurant. Beside the front door, behind the cash register and the glass showcase full of cigars and cigarettes, sat a pretty Chinese

girl. She was reading the colored comic strip supplement of a Sunday newspaper. She glanced up and smiled at the young man in the wet trench coat.

"Hello," she said. "Terrible out, isn't it?"

"It's all right," the young man said cheerfully. "Good for the crops."

The girl said, "Yeah," laughing right through the word, and went back to her reading. The young man, who was carrying an armful of brightly colored travel circulars and maps, walked toward the long, narrow tunnel of the restaurant, which was divided into a series of booths. He hung his coat on a hook in the wall and sat down in one of the booths. A small Chinese waiter came from somewhere in the back of the restaurant. He stood patiently while the young man studied the menu elaborately and gave him a very complicated order. "Got all that?" the young man asked finally.

"Yetha," the waiter said, making notes on his pad and turning to go.

"Now, wait a minute." The young man compared his wrist watch with a large clock on the wall that said twenty minutes after three. "That clock right?"

"Yetha," the waiter said. "Theenk tho."

"Well, you better wait, then, because I'm expecting —" The front door opened and a girl came in. The young man peered around the partition. His face spread out brightly and he turned to the waiter as he slipped out of his chair. "All right, go ahead. Serve the stuff."

The young man hurried toward the front where the girl was shaking the rain from her umbrella and her cellophane cape. The Chinese girl behind the cash register looked up from the comic supplement and smiled. "Hello," she said. "Terrible out, isn't it?"

"I guess it's all right for some people," the girl in the cellophane cape said. "Farmers and umbrella manufacturers."

The Chinese girl said, "Yeah," laughing through the word so it came out in three syllables, "Hee-yeah-ah." She went back to reading as the young man reached the girl in the cellophane cape. "Hi, Aggie," he said, smiling. "Get wet?"

"A little," she said. "Am I late?"

"Not much," he said, glancing at the clock on the wall. "Here, gimme that."

He took the wet umbrella and helped her out of the cellophane cape which crackled noisily in the quiet restaurant as they walked down the aisle to their table.

"I would have been on time," she said, "but the neon sign was out and I had the umbrella up, so I passed it."

"That's all right," he said. "We have plenty of time."

The girl was a blonde, but the part in her hair was dark, where the roots were growing out black. She was pretty, but not in a young, careless way, the way the young man was handsome. Her movements were too deliberate and when she smiled she did it as though she knew she was doing it, with her teeth together and her lips spread out thin and wide. Her lipstick was too dark for her coloring. These things did not make her less attractive, but they made her look a little older than the young man. "Lou," she said. "Did you order?"

"Yeah," he said. "The regular lunch. Egg Foo Yong and barbecue pork fried rice. And then an extra order of egg roll and one portion of Moo Goo Gai Pan."

"My God, Lou, we'll never eat all that!"

"Aah, the way I figure," he said, grinning, "what the hell." He reached over to the small stack of brightly colored travel circulars and maps and pulled out a green and yellow folder. He spread it out on the table between them and leaned over it. The girl leaned over, too, but not quite so far. "It's all fixed. I got the tickets and everything. We go first, here." He traced a line across the map with his forefinger. "By bus to Chicago, twenty-six hours. We leave New York eight o'clock tomorrow, then twenty-six hours, makes it about ten o'clock Thursday morning in Chicago. Right?"

"Mm-mm," the girl said, nodding.

"We go right to the Statler for a shower and nap, if we need one." Lou grinned again. "I figured for us nothing but the best. In Chicago, the Statler. Huh?"

"Mm-mm," the girl said, smiling this time because he was looking at her. "Then?"

"Then, here." Lou's head went down and his finger swept slowly across the map of the United States. "We get the midnight train out of Chicago for Seattle, where we arrive, let's see." He shuffled through the stack of circulars and

maps until he found an envelope with writing on it. "We arrive Saturday morning, Saturday morning eleven-ten, no, wait a minute, that's New York time. We arrive, we arrive, we arrive Seattle Saturday *eight-ten*."

The waiter came with two round plates and an oblong dish covered with a battered aluminum hood. Lou picked up the map and the waiter set the dishes down on the table. He turned to go and Lou held the map up against the wall.

"That gives us almost a full day in Seattle," he said. "Long enough to see the town, they say it's the best lighted city in the world, and for me to look up this friend of Albert's, the one with the car. Then we —"

"Could we have some mustard?" Aggie said. "It goes good with egg roll."

"Whah? Oh. Sure." Lou leaned around the partition. "Say, waiter? We have some mustard, please?"

"Yetha," the waiter said. "Rye away, tha."

"We find this guy," Lou continued, talking to the map which he was holding against the wall, "and I make the deal with him. Albert says he wrote him and he answered back, his name is Wegenthal or Wegenthaler, something like that, I've got it written down,

and we can have the car for fifty bucks. It's a 1935 Chevy, in good condition. Albert says this guy Wegenthaler is a good friend of his and wouldn't lie to him —"

"Better eat this while it's hot, Lou," the girl said.

She divided the portion of egg roll into equal halves and put one half on Lou's plate and the other half on her own. The waiter came back with a small flat dish of mustard, a pot of tea, and two tiny cups without handles.

"Then, once we got the car," Lou said, pushing the food into one cheek with his tongue so he could talk, "we leave Seattle any time we want. Saturday, Sunday, Monday, any time. But I think Sunday the latest, because what the hell, there's nothing much in Seattle, I guess. Except those lights, of course, but two days is enough. Right?"

"Mm-mm. Tea, Lou?"

"Yeah, thanks. No, no sugar. From Seattle we work our way down the coast slowly. Take as long as we want, three days, four days, even a week if we want. Stopping at hotels, tourist camps, anything we like, just so's we have a good time. Then we —"

"This mustard certainly is strong, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it's murder." He watched

her anxiously while she dabbed delicately with her napkin at a tear in the corner of her eye. "All right, now?" She smiled and nodded. "Swell. Then, let's see." He looked at the map. "Oh, yeah. We hit San Francisco. Now, there's a town we must spend some time in. I heard so much about it, they say it's almost as good as New York. Say we spend three-four days there, makes it, let's see, makes it, oh, about Tuesday or Wednesday, two weeks from the time we leave New York tomorrow morning. Then, from Frisco."

The waiter came with a huge tray loaded with three tremendous dishes, each covered with a battered aluminum hood, and two small plates of boiled rice. He cleared the table between Aggie and Lou, and set out in front of them the dishes from his tray. "More tea, tha?"

"Yes," Aggie said, giving him a wide smile. "Please."

She began to ladle food from the huge dishes into Lou's plate and her own. He held the map up against the wall and continued to talk.

"Then, from Frisco. From there we go down to Los Angeles. Spend three-four days there, maybe less, depends. We look over some of these movie stars and so on, then I

look up this other guy Albert gave me the name of. You know the one. The one with the —?”

“Hilton?” Aggie said.

“Hilton? No. *Milton*. That’s it. Milton. We look up this guy Milton and —”

“You ought to eat this before it gets cold, Lou. It’s not much good cold.”

“Oh. Thanks. Yeah.” He picked up a large forkful of food and put it into his mouth. “Now, let’s see. This guy Milton in Los Angeles takes the Chevvy off our hands for forty bucks, Albert wrote him already and he wrote back sure, he’ll take it for forty. We climb on the train and in two days and three nights we’re back in New York, we been away three weeks. I go back to the office, you go out buying furniture and curtains for the apartment, and we live like they say in the books happily ever after. How’s that?”

“Mm-mm,” the girl said. “More tea, Lou?”

“Yeah, thanks.”

They ate in silence for a while. Finally, Aggie stopped eating. Idly she shuffled through the stack of travel folders and maps until she found one that attracted her interest. She spread it open. It was a map of the world. The waiter came up and looked at Lou.

“Finish, tha?”

“Yeah, I’ve had enough. Take it away, huh?”

The waiter cleared the table and wiped it clean. Aggie spread out the map of the world on the black marble top and leaned over it. Lou lit a cigarette and inhaled the first puff deeply.

“My, my, look at this,” Aggie said, her finger on the map. “Bermuda. That’s where I’d really like to go.”

“Me, too,” Lou said, smiling. “But that kind of trip takes dough and we just don’t have that much. Maybe in a year or two —”

“Or we could go to Ceylon.” Her finger leaped across the map. “Or India.”

“Yeah,” Lou said, laughing. “And we could buy a house on Park Avenue instead of renting a two-room apartment on Eighth Street.”

“Or here, Australia.” Aggie did not laugh. Her finger swept across the map. “Or New Zealand. All these countries colored green. That’s all British. That’s where I’d like to go.”

“Ha, ha,” Lou laughed. “That’s funny, Aggie. That’s —”

“Or if not New Zealand, maybe Singapore. I’d like that.” Aggie spoke with her head bent down over the map across which her

fingers leaped. There was no laughter in her voice. "Not that I'm crazy about the British Empire. If I couldn't go to any of these places colored green, I wouldn't mind some of this stuff colored yellow. Arabia or Brazil or —"

"Ha, ha, ha," Lou laughed and then, as though he had suddenly remembered something, he stopped laughing. He looked sharply at the girl in front of him. She kept her head down. "Say, Aggie, what —?"

"Sure," the girl said, still talking to the map, but very quickly now. "I'm not partial to the British Empire, this stuff colored green. I could even go to these places colored red. Alaska and Iceland and Mozambique and —"

"Listen," Lou said sharply. "What are you —?" The waiter came to the table with two menus. "Dethert, tha?" he asked. Aggie looked up at him, shook her head quickly, and bent down over the map again. Lou brushed the waiter aside. "No, no dessert," he said. "Thanks." The waiter went away. Aggie moved her forefinger swiftly across the map.

"Any one of these places is where I want to go," she said. "Any place but —"

"Listen," Lou said. "What are you trying to tell me?"

She looked up from the map and

their eyes met. They stared at each other for a long moment, until the startled expression squeezed itself out of his face.

"Yes," she said finally. "I'm sorry, Lou."

"But why?" he said. "What's all of a sudden the —?" He picked up the envelope with the writing on it. "Look, I've got the tickets already. I told them in the office I was going to-morrow. I told them I wouldn't be back for three weeks."

"I'm sorry," she said quietly. "I know about the arrangements, and I'm sorry. Honest. But I can't go. Don't be sore, Lou. I just can't go."

"I'm not sore. Who's sore?" he said, shredding his cigarette in the ash tray. "I'm just — I don't get it, Aggie. At the last minute, you —" He looked up from the crumpled mess of tobacco and paper. "Frank didn't —?"

"No, it's not Frank," she said. "I'm going through with the divorce, all right. I just can't go."

"You keep saying you can't go," Lou said. "But why? Why, at the last —"

"I know," she said. "And I'm sorry. Honest, really, Lou, honest I'm sorry. But I just can't. What difference does it make why?"

"For heaven's sakes, Aggie, what

do you mean what difference does it make why? We've been planning this for months. Then, the last minute, you back out. Don't you think —?"

The waiter came with a pitcher of water. Lou stopped. They watched the little Chinese waiter very carefully as he filled both glasses. When he walked away Lou picked up his glass and drained it quickly, in large noisy gulps.

"All right," Aggie said. She took a cigarette. He struck a match and held it out to her. The flame shivered slightly. "Thanks. I'm — I can't go because I don't want to go. You don't really want me. You —"

"I don't really want you? What are you doing, kidding? Didn't I go to all the trouble of talking to Frank, a man who's been my friend for years, and explaining you wanted a divorce from him so you and I could get married? You think that was easy? How can you say I don't want —?"

"It doesn't do any good your saying how can I, Lou. Because you don't want me. Me myself, I mean. You want the woman Frank married. You're a second picker. And I don't want to be a second picker's wife. I just figured it out this morning. I was sitting getting a manicure and it came to me. I'm sorry

it's got to be like this, the last minute, but I can't help it."

"You can't help it. All you keep saying is you can't help it. For crying out loud, Aggie, I —"

"All right." She put her hands flat on the table, over the map, so that her brightly varnished fingernails made a pattern on the gaudy coloring of the continents and the oceans, and she spoke with her eyes cast down, scowling slightly. "First you were crazy about Helen and everybody said how cute it was, Lou was crazy about Albert's wife, his best friend's wife, it was so funny. You didn't make a pass at her or anything, you just worshipped her and respected her, your best friend's wife. Then you were crazy about Martha, and everybody said how cute *that* was, Lou was crazy about Joe's wife, his second best friend's wife, the same thing all over again, poor Lou, he couldn't find a girl because all the good ones were married. No, please, Lou, let me finish."

"All right," he said. "I'm sorry. Go ahead. Finish."

"You just went around worshipping and respecting them. Helen and Martha. You were a gentleman. Then you were crazy about me, and everybody said how cute *that* was, too, poor Lou, he was crazy about Frank's wife, his third

best friend's wife. You worshipped and respected me, too, just like Helen and Martha, except that Frank was only your *third* best friend, he was far enough away, sort of not so closely related like Albert and Joe, so you didn't have to go ahead and restrict yourself to only worshipping. You could make a play for me. You could get me to —"

"Listen, Aggie —" The waiter came back with the pitcher of water and Lou waited until he refilled the glasses. "Listen, Aggie," Lou said. "If you're trying to imply for one moment that I took advantage of a friend." He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Why, I respect Frank. He's been my friend for years —"

"That's just the point, Lou. You're a second picker. You never would have given me a tumble, or even Helen or Martha, if we hadn't been married to Albert and Joe and Frank. They're your friends. You respect them. So you respect their judgment about women. They picked us, so we must be all right. Albert and Joe were too close friends to you. Frank, he wasn't so close. So I got picked instead of Helen or Martha. It's not me. It could just as easily have been Helen or Martha. I'm just a girl that a man you respect

went and picked. So you want me. That's all. But I don't want you. I don't want to be a sort of second-hand piece of merchandise, something a friend of yours bought to wear but it looks better on you so you take it over for the price he paid for it."

She paused, as though she thought it only fair at this point to allow him to say something, but he was silent. She bit her lip and looked down at her hands.

"I should have thought of it before," she said. "Sure. If I'd given myself a little time to think I guess maybe I *would* have thought of it. But it wasn't working out with Frank and me so I was glad to do anything to break it off. So was Frank. Why do you think he's not sore at you? But that's not a guarantee, in black and white on paper, it's going to work with you and me, Lou. It's not. I guarantee you that. I should have thought of it before, but well, all right, I didn't. I just thought of it this morning. What's the sense of talking and making a regular fuss? I'm sorry it's the last minute like this, but I can't help it. I can't go, Lou. That's final. I'm sorry."

She took out her compact and did things to her face. He watched her, moving his lips every now and then, as though he were trying to

frame several sentences all at once but couldn't get the words into proper sequence. Then she put the compact into her purse and stood up. He helped her into the cellophane cape. She put out her hand for the umbrella on the hook. His hand leaped out and reached it first. He took it down and gave it to her.

"Oh," she said. "Thanks." They stood there in the aisle for a moment, looking at each other. Then she shrugged and held out her hand. He held it until she tugged it away gently. "I'm sorry, Lou. Good-bye."

He didn't answer. He just watched her, his mouth slightly open, his eyes unblinking. The cellophane cape crackled delicately in the silent restaurant as she walked down the long line of booths to the door and out into the street. The waiter came up to him with his pad and his pencil. "That all, tha?"

"Whah? Oh. Yes, that's all. I have a check, please?"

The waiter wrote the check. Lou took it and put some coins on the black marble table top. The waiter took the stained trench coat from the hook and helped him into it. Lou walked toward the front of the restaurant, scowling thoughtfully, whistling very softly and absently

"Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," this time in the manner in which Stephen Foster had written it. When he reached the cashier's desk the pretty Chinese girl stopped reading the comic supplement and stood up. Behind her, through the plate glass window, the late afternoon sun was bright and yellow. The rain had stopped.

"Two forty-five," the Chinese girl said. "Out of three." While she counted the change out of the cash register, the little waiter came hurrying up behind Lou. "You forget theeth, tha?" He held out the stack of brightly colored travel circulars. "Oh," Lou said. "Yes, thanks."

He took them and stuffed them into the pocket of his trench coat. He turned back to the cashier's desk and picked up his change. The Chinese girl reached up to a switch on the wall and snapped on the large neon sign out front. She nodded toward the wet, sunny street.

"Looks a little better out now, doesn't it?" she said.

"Yes, nice," Lou said, pulling open the door. "But I'll bet the farmers start complaining."

"Hee-yeah-ah," the Chinese girl said, laughing through the word as she bent down to the comic supplement again.

► *Truckers have their own pithy, colorful slang, here set down for the first time.*

TRUCK DRIVERS HAVE A WORD FOR IT

BY DORIS McFERRAN

"I CAN'T send you out with Bill. He's a bedsteader. You wouldn't get anything out of him. And Joe Barnes is a rough rider, so I don't think you'd enjoy that much. Ted Franklin's cold — but he ought to be along any minute. He's going out again with a load of post holes, so you won't lose any time while he's loading."

I sank down on a box and stared at the truck dispatcher, wondering if I should have brought along an interpreter. "Bedsteader?" I asked meekly, determined to begin at the beginning. The dispatcher grinned. "Sleepy," he translated briefly. "Good in the daytime, bad on night runs."

"Oh. And rough rider?"

"Fast driver. Besides, he's driving a kidney buster; you'd have a pretty tough run." Before I could get my question in he explained, "Kidney buster's a hard-riding truck." I nearly asked him, then, to explain what a load of post holes might be, when suddenly it came to me. Post holes — nothing. The driver was going out empty. Pretty

pleased with myself, I kept still and chewed on that for a while.

Ever since the night I'd overheard a couple of truckers talking in an all-night coffee house, I'd been pretty sure it was one of my life's missions to make known to the public the trucker's contributions to the sweet English tongue. That night I'd heard one of the drivers say, in most disparaging tones, "Oh, he drives a cackle crate!"

Cackle crate? The trucker told me it was a poultry transport truck. Picturesque addition to the national language! Maybe there were other terms like that. I inquired. "Sure," the driver told me, looking ridiculously like a small boy who's been asked to speak extemporaneously. "But I've got to shove off now." He tossed a name and address over his shoulder. "That's my dispatcher. Maybe he can give you the dope."

So here I was, notebook in pocket, waiting to be sent out on a night run with a trucker and determined to be lexicographer to the

industry. I was prepared to find the truck driver a member of a race apart. He's a hard-riding, hard-living individual, up all night, driving while the roads are clear, roaring along the highways with loads of everything from milk to steel, important cog in America's modern transport system, the half-billion-dollar trucking industry.

"Franklin's beaching 'er now," the dispatcher told me. A high scream of protesting brakes made the announcement superfluous. The dispatcher chuckled. "What a cop caller that crate is!"

"Cop caller?"

"Yeah — noisy brakes — you can hear 'em a mile off." The man was beginning to be a little sorry for me and my limited vocabulary. "You'll get along fine with Franklin, except that he's training to be an Eskimo."

I raised my eyebrows. "You said a while ago he was cold," I put in feebly.

"Cold? Oh, that means he's behind schedule. . . . The other means he drives with his windows open," he added. "Hey, Franklin!"

In a few minutes I was on my way with Ted Franklin, bound for a city fifty miles away to pick up "a load of wind" — light freight. Politely I asked about the truck, which seemed dear to his heart.

"Oh, she's a museum piece," he told me, "but she's house-broken. I gotta gargle her first thing tomorrow; then she'll be in swell shape." (Literal translation, in case you were left behind on that one: "She's old, but she doesn't leak anywhere. I must drain and clean out her radiator tomorrow.")

We got onto the subject of his family. "Any more truckers?" I asked. "Yup!" Ted put her in the Grandma Hole (low gear) to make a hill. "My brother's a suicide jockey. That's one job I wouldn't take for a million bucks. Then I got a cousin in Alabama who drives a tote wagon. He sold out to the Yankees last week."

"Give with a translation on that one," I requested.

"Huh? Oh. . . . My brother drives a nitroglycerine truck. The cousin down south drives a light truck that hauls supplies in a construction camp. He cracked up his truck last week — sold out to the Yankees!"

A car came weaving down the road toward us. Its driver had obviously had one too many. Ted jerked an ironical thumb in his direction. "Undertaker's friend!" was his comment.

"It must be lonely, riding all night," I observed.

Ted shook his head. "Oh, not so

bad. Besides, my girl's a soup jockey at the all-nighter half way to Meadville." Soup jockey? That would be a waitress, I supposed. For a while we concentrated on the vehicles that passed us going in the other direction. A truck with a refrigerator body was a reefer, Ted told me. A bullet-proof truck cab with little ventilation — sweatshop. Truck with capacity to handle a big load — scow. Reckless driver — cowboy. Sleeper bus — pajama wagon. A cheap driver just off the farm — plow jockey. Small truck that pulls a large trailer — peanut wagon. Narrow-tread four-wheel trailer — pup.

A car with broken fenders, waving merrily in the breeze, sped by us. "Friendly fenders," Ted observed. He jerked his head in the direction of an oncoming truck. "White collar man," he said. "Driver who handles clean merchandise. . . . *Mine's* a pension run," he went on. "That's a short, easy regular haul. I think —" He broke off abruptly, cocking a listening ear. Then he slowed down. "Sounds funny," he commented. "I'll cut off her water and read her meter."

"Huh?"

"I'll pull up and look at her," he explained patiently.

In a few minutes he was back to report that something must have

clogged the gas line. It was all right now, and we were off once more. When we started up again, I surreptitiously got out my notebook and pencil, jotting as I went along. Truckers' lingo is pretty much the same the country over, I learned, drivers being cosmopolitan and travelled souls, though a few terms are regional. Next morning, when I came to read them, my notes looked something like this:

Armstrong starter — crank handle
 Bareback — tractor without trailer
 Beach her — coast to parking place
 Bible — bill book
 Bolognas — tires
 Boom wagon — nitroglycerine truck
 Broke to lead — needs to be towed in
 Bull o' the woods — company officer in charge of district
 Buttoning her up — tying down a load on a truck or trailer
 Cement mixer — truck with noisy engine or broken muffler
 Chaser — company man who hurries drivers in loading
 Cinchers — brakes
 Crash wagon — ambulance
 Down in the kitchen — creeper gear
 Emerjenson — emergency brake
 Gear fighter — driver who makes a noise shifting gears
 Goose it — feed it in irregular spurts
 Grunt and squeal jockey — stock hauler
 I Can Catch — Interstate Commerce Commission
 Jesse James — police judge
 Killer — truck with no brakes
 Pinning her ears back — gliding her
 Pneumonia sedan — truck with no glass in cab
 Punctured lung — leaky radiator
 Push water — gasoline

Riding a firebug — driving with one
rear tire on dual wheels flat, causing
fire hazard

Rubber bands — under-sized tires

Shaking down the ashes — cranking a
truck

Sleeper — truck with sleeping com-
partment

Smoker — cigarette haul

Spook report — spotter's report

Stem winder — hand-crank starter

The Men — police

Thumb buster — spinning steering
wheel

Yodeling gear — overdrive that makes
high, singing noise

This does not exhaust the idio-
matic esoterica of the highway
jockeys, but I could not get them
all down. As it is, I may never be
the same again. Just yesterday I
accused my husband, who crashes
his gears, of being a cog stripper,
and when I drove into the gas
station this morning I told the at-
tendant, quite nonchalantly, "Fill
'er up with push water. And check
the bolognas!"



CONCERT

By TOM BOGGS

THE bell makes a globe
Upon the hollow air,
A fruit no less profound
For being briefly there —
Now in the woodwinds' stirring,
In gold of brasses' waking,
The May of man's devising,
The heaven of man's making!

Now to rhythm each
Dull blood cell blooms to speech —
From dissonance resolving
The blaze of man's evolving —
Bird and Eve in the flute's clear note,
Eden in the oboe's throat.

Ecstasy's accomplice,
The listener is borne
Out of the prison dark of self:
The grave walls part like corn.

FEAR SWEEPS THE SOUTH SEAS

BY ERNEST O. HAUSER

THEY were holding an emergency meeting at the Circle Bougainville and everybody was there: the French businessmen with their black mustaches, a few officials, and the half-castes who had risen from the ranks. Everybody who was anybody in Tahiti was there, and they forgot about coconuts and phosphate, and even about their *apéritifs*. For the news that had come in over the short-wave radio was disturbing indeed: France had been conquered by Germany.

Looking down from the balcony of the "Circle," which occupies the second floor of the only three-story building in town, the much disturbed gentlemen could see the peaceful waterfront where old French cannon were the tying posts, with native craft unloading pineapples and pearl shell and squealing pigs. They could see the filigree of red-blooming trees against a flawless sky, and the emerald ocean beyond. And they asked one momentous question: What would be the fate of this tiny French colony, this insignificant speck in the

vast and warm Pacific — their precious home? Down by the pineapples and the pigs, the *Dumont d'Urville* swung at anchor; she was a sloop of war — the only metal ship the French were keeping in these tranquil waters. Now for the first time they raised their eyebrows as they looked her over. Would her five-inch guns be able to protect these enchanting shores? And how long?

Suddenly someone bent over the railing of the balcony and yelled, "'Allo, George! Are you there?'" "Yeah," came a voice from the front porch of the next building, which was the American Consulate. Single file, they marched over, and one of them, a tall half-caste, brandished a document signed with many names. Tears were in his eyes as he bowed to George and explained the extraordinary ceremony: Please America, Take Over, said the document, and all the best people of the Society Islands had signed it. Tears were in the spokesman's eyes as George handed it back to him. Consular representa-

tives of the United States were not authorized to annex territories in which they represented the American flag.

But George — or Uncle Sam, whatever you choose to call him — has become the white hope of the South Seas. The islands of the Southern Pacific, an escapist paradise until yesterday, have suddenly emerged as a scene of grave political commotion. Strewn over the vastest pool of water on the surface of the earth, they are protected by nothing but distance. In a peaceful Pacific, no guns were needed below the coconut trees. Now danger is lurking overhead.

Japan has signed an unholy alliance with the totalitarian powers of Europe, and the rays of the Rising Sun are falling upon the coral beaches of the South Pacific. Fear haunts the islands of the Southern Seas. There, between the Western Hemisphere and Asia, far-flung archipelagos are under the flags of Britain and France. Through those myriads of islands and atolls leads the road to New Zealand and Australia, leads the road to Singapore.

Three antiquated bombers greet your ship as it steams into port at Papeete. They circle overhead with a roar and look you over. Then, when it has been established

to their satisfaction that your ship is not a German raider, you will be allowed to land in the most entrancing of all the archipelagos: French Oceania. But sinister surprises are in store for you. Your first night at Stuart's Hotel is likely to be punctuated by the staccato of a few machine guns, and when you sleepily look out the window you will see no lights.

You dress and go down to the bar. "*Monsieur*," says the man in shirt sleeves who prefers to spend the night outside his bed, like you, "*Monsieur*, most of us find it difficult to sleep these days. It is not the machine-gun practice. It is uncertainty, bewilderment and fear. *Naturellement*, we have our machine-gun nests, and the native lookouts that guard the coral beaches all night. But will these defenses suffice to protect the 40,000 people of this colony? Oh — *Monsieur!*" And the man in shirt sleeves gulps the rest of his Vermouth and goes back to his precarious repose.

Rumors travel fast down here, and most of them are political. Japan has declared war, they say; a Japanese expedition is heading southward to seize the islands before the Australian fleet can steam up and help them out; the French government has given its islands to Japan. The authorities of Tahiti

finally had to outlaw the rumors, forbidding the natives to discuss the war.

II

Intrigued by rumors and disturbed by facts, after your sleepless nights in Tahiti, you are impatient to get down to the hub of this shaky paradise. Your little tramp steamer is headed for Suva now, capital of the British Fiji Islands and seat of the British South Sea government. Through influential friends you have secured an invitation to Government House. The two guards flanking the gate of the enormous stone building present arms as your car drives up. Inside the huge rooms where British pomp and circumstance make you forget that these regions are officially classified as primitive, you will have a drink of exquisite old Scotch with a short, brainy-looking fellow of fifty-six, Sir Harry Luke, Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner for the Western Pacific.

Sir Harry, as it happens, is the South Seas' biggest fish. As Britain's highest official in the most isolated part of the Empire, he carries the responsibility for a glorious bluff. Without a fleet, without an air force at his command, the suave little man who got his liter-

ary degree at Oxford uses his brains where fourteen-inch guns are not available. His is a whirlwind government. Ever since the fall of France, Sir Harry has conducted a remarkably successful one-man campaign in the South Seas against the Vichy regime.

New Caledonia, the rich nickel island under the French flag, is Sir Harry's problem child. Every one of the 27,000 Europeans and the 54,000 natives expected a major catastrophe there. They knew the Japanese had their eyes on the colony's nickel mines, which are the largest in this part of the world, and they knew the Vichy government was apt to sell out New Caledonia as it was already preparing to sell out French Indo-China. They knew that their own governor was, at best, wishy-washy. There were some 1200 Japanese on the island, and their contacts with Tokyo were perplexingly close. Much of the colony's ore went to Japan; only recently, the Japan Soda Company had established a special smelter in Yokohama for the treatment of 60,000 tons of New Caledonian nickel a year. Now, with the loyalty of the islands suddenly suspended, tumultuous riots had started in various parts of New Caledonia. Were the Japanese behind those riots?

Then, one fine morning, a bulky yacht came roaring into port. The French governor took one good look at it. "*Mon Dieu*," he said, and resigned. Ten minutes later, when Sir Harry Luke stepped off the gangplank of that bulky yacht, the tune of the *Marseillaise* had blended over into a jubilant *God Save the King*. New Caledonia and its nickel mines were firmly in the hands of Britain.

Japan, or more exactly the Japanese Navy, has shown a rather active interest in these islands. But the Japanese Navy doesn't want them for their coconut groves and their hard timber; not even the nickel deposits of New Caledonia and the gold mines of Fiji are enough of a prize to warrant privateering. No one of these islands is of great value, just as no single pearl lifted from their emerald bays counts for much. The single pearl wants to be matched, and the whole string of them will be of inestimable value. The whole string of islands would make the Pacific Ocean from Chile to China a Japanese sea.

Visit any native family in any one of the islands, and they will lead the way, wearing Japanese sneakers, through the shrubbery of the darkling front yard with a flashlight made in Japan. At the

grocery store they will buy some canned salmon with a pretty Japanese label; and if the store is too far for a walk, they will ride over on their Japanese bicycles.

To the northwest lie 1400 islands flying the red-white flag of Japan. The little tramp steamer that carries you through the Southern Seas will not put in at any of them. These islands are, officially, administered by Japan under a mandate for the League of Nations. Draw a line around them on the map, and what you get looks very much like the head of an ax dangling uncomfortably over the "white" islands of the Pacific.

Seven years ago, when Japan walked out of the League, she did not bother to return these archipelagos which she had taken over from Imperial Germany, and the League did not think it appropriate to kick up a fuss about those insignificant specks in the blue Pacific. In the meanwhile, much has been going on in the Japanese Mandate. Japanese shrines and elegant Japanese department stores have gone up; well-washed little Japanese girls and neatly turned-out boys with cropped hair walk along well-paved streets to Japanese schools. Some 50,000 Japanese are on excellent terms with some 50,000 natives.

Whether Japan's "mandated" islands are fortified, nobody knows. The few who have ventured inside the ax head with small canoes or yachts have left after a week or two with vivid reminiscences of the inside of Japanese police stations or prisons. But it does not really matter whether there are concrete gun emplacements and antiaircraft batteries in Japan's Marianas, Carolines, or Marshall Islands. No one would think of attacking them. What matters is that a naval expedition could be launched from any of those sheltered harbors without much ado, that flying boats could take on ample fuel supplies there and descend upon any atoll which has a lagoon large enough to accommodate it.

Here is the reason for the careful camouflage that makes the oil tanks of Fiji look like odd lumps of jungle. Here is the reason for your annoyance with the service in the town of Suva. "You'll excuse me, sir," says the barber, and hustles away for half an hour of rifle practice, leaving you in the throes of a haircut. "Excuse me," says your waiter, leaving you to your onion soup, and dashing off to drill on the football field across the street.

When your little tramp puts in at Portuguese Timor, you will find that Japanese men and women in

their pretty kimonos are the only clean and attractive looking people in this filthy, smelly, neglected and disease-ridden little colony, the pitiful residue of a once-proud empire. "*Senhor*," say the colonial Portuguese, "we are cut off from the world by coral reefs and distance, and we are not concerned with world politics. Our Japanese friends are welcome whenever they put into port."

You look at the map and you discover that this forgotten little island is the threshold to Australia — lying squarely across the entrance to Port Darwin, one of Britain's most strategic harbors "down under." It occurs to you that the Japanese ladies and gentlemen so lavishly entertained by the handful of people representing the Lisbon government out here might be interested in more than the import of cotton cloth and the export of coffee.

Not far from Timor — that is, only slightly more than a thousand miles away — lies a minute island which appeared so insignificant that its discoverers did not even trouble to give it a real name. They simply said, "What day is this?" and called it Thursday Island. Today, in a rapidly changing Pacific, the innocuous looking little island has assumed a sinister importance.

Sitting astride the narrow and tortuous Torres Strait between Australia and New Guinea, it guards the passage that leads from the Pacific into the tricky waters of the Dutch East Indies, and from there into the Indian Ocean. This is the road that a battle fleet would have to take if it wanted to come to the support of Netherlands India in a hurry; if it wanted to relieve Singapore when the route across the open Pacific was blocked by hostile forces. The Torres Strait is the one artery through which fresh blood could be pumped into the fatigued system of Britain's Asiatic empire.

These are hazardous waters to navigate. The channel is thin, and there are reefs everywhere. Much of the time you see the coral bottom of the sea. Little Thursday Island, jutting out into this narrow channel, is a strategic point indeed; and — surprise — it is full of Japanese. Large Japanese trading companies have made themselves at home here. Japanese divers are searching the bottom of the ocean for sea shells, pearls, and trochi. Hundreds of Japanese luggers have made Thursday Island their base, and whole fleets of Japanese pearl vessels or fishing boats loiter around the channel most of the time.

All this might be the routine of

trade. But people on the "white" islands believe that there is more to it than that. They believe not in accidents, but in a large-scale Japanese plan to seize control of the Pacific Ocean. That is why, from the British viewpoint, it was impossible to leave any of the French island possessions in the hands of the Vichy government. Vichy, in Europe, stands for the Swastika; in the Pacific, it stands for the Rising Sun.

III

In the face of the common menace, the "white" islands of the South Pacific have drawn closer together. The first problem facing the British administrators was to keep the French possessions economically alive. The government of Australia re-established the shaky currency of New Caledonia, agreed to buy large proportions of its nickel and chrome, and to feed the population with Australian food-stuffs. It helped the New Caledonians to run their 250-mile-long island as an independent country pending the final settlement of its allegiance. At the same time French Oceania was absorbed into the economic orbit of Australia and New Zealand. Yet everyone knows that the economy of the South Sea

Islands is artificially propped up, that it can recover only by the restoration of peace in Europe, by the restoration of international shipping and international trade.

Friendship with the natives would be a stout bulwark against danger, a safe insurance against internal surprises. The French, in keeping with their traditional *laissez-faire* attitude, have never bothered to draw a color line. Natives and half-castes are given social standing and equal opportunities; not a few have risen to positions of wealth and power. Besides, many a French bachelor has succumbed to the lure of those brown girls who seem to be just stepping down from one of Gauguin's canvases — and no one in the colonies raises his eyebrows.

The British are more particular: they do not admit the natives to their clubs, unless they happen to be big chiefs; and taking out a native girl for drinks is not exactly encouraged. But even in the British islands you can see the young cadets in the consular service slap their native friends on the back, and try to treat them as their equals. You can see white faces at native *malangas*, and high officials will throw roaring parties for native chiefs. Slowly, in the face of a common danger, the bars are being let

down. Friendship, the British say, is the best antidote against the deadly poison of a fifth-column movement.

Just the same, the white man has no confidence. He knows that things will happen swiftly when they happen. He knows that his natives are not the sort who will put up a scrap, and he knows that there are too few of his kind to defend the islands, reefs, and atolls. He knows that it will take the Australian Navy too long to steam up in the moment of danger. He knows that air squadrons from Australia and New Zealand have scarcely a chance of spying and heading off a quiet southward expedition of the Rising Sun.

These are the thoughts that tense men's nerves today in the Islands. These are the reasons why the white man of the South Pacific has come to look upon Uncle Sam with a tenacious, stubborn, desperate hope. The white resident of the Islands, who wants to remain part of this white world, knows that his salvation can come only from the United States. If you corner him in his club or on the verandah of his bungalow, he will tell you that he'd rather see the Stars and Stripes than any other flag fly in the breeze over his roof. And there is no point in telling him that an

American "auxiliary" expedition down into the South Seas does not seem likely at the moment.

Yet the United States is augmenting its fleet and strengthening its outposts in the far-flung archipelagos between China and Chile. Our airliners are following the trails blazed by Nantucket whalers some eighty or ninety years ago. They carry passengers and mail to the China coast and to the white dominions "down under," and in the main they are using American possessions for their bases. With most of the South Pacific steamship lines thrown out of business by the prevailing copra slump or by the war, the American clipper planes have become the major link between those remote outposts of empire and the Western World. America's South Pacific islands, inhabited by birds, crabs, rats and turtles, have assumed eminent significance in a Pacific otherwise almost as isolated as it was in the time of Captain Cook.

If you take a pencil and connect

these American islands on your map, you will find that they form a thin, long-drawn-out line linking this continent with white possessions along the fringes of East Asia. Their use as a transpacific bridge is dependent upon the continued possibility of safe passage through French and British Oceania.

In friendly hands, the islands, reefs and atolls of the Southern Seas are the living link between the Western Hemisphere and the British Commonwealth of Nations. In hostile hands they would become a barrier which could not be pierced without tremendous losses in ships, planes, men, and time. The war in Europe has cut the hawsers which held them to the Western World. They are left to drift in a treacherous sea. The South Sea Islanders — white, yellow, brown and black — search the horizon with uneasy eyes. And they remember, with a bitter smile, that in the musical languages native to their beguiling world, there is no future tense; no word, indeed, for tomorrow.

PICTURE

BEREFT of leaves
And thwarted of beauty
The bare trees stand
In penance and duty, —

Brown limbs etching
Across the grey —
A winter scroll
For a winter day.

— GRACE SAYRE

CURIOSITIES OF COLLECTING

BY HARRY SALPETER

ALMOST everybody collects something. Rich man, poor man, beggar man — no one seems to be exempt. The magnate collects Old Masters, precious books, *objets d'art*, miniatures and manuscripts; the pauper, pieces of string or cancelled postmarks. Objects of no value or interest, like streetcar transfers, posters, matchboxes and birds' nests, achieve both when accumulated. Hobby horses, says a German proverb, are more costly than Arab thoroughbreds; but while the rich man may spend a fortune riding his steed, the poor man sometimes guides his hobby horse to the doors of a mansion. The Duveen fortune in art, for example, originated in a collection of Delftware made three generations ago by the wife of a Dutch blacksmith.

The new leisure, even the new unemployment, have justified the hobby. It not only serves as a recreative dividend to a life of activity; it is all the activity many lives have, and lends them new meaning and significance. News-

papers and hobby publications have never before been so full of collecting activities — local and national exhibitions, displays of collections by college students, faculty members, brokers, housewives and physicians. A hobby hour on the air, a Hobby Guild and the American Hobby Federation chart the doings of collectors. When a new stamp is published, lines lengthen before post-office windows everywhere. Half a million dollars' worth of the stamps are sold to collectors the first day. It is estimated that in the United States alone 10,000,000 men, women and children collect stamps, not to mention the 600,000 rare coin fanciers.

But collecting is one of the last refuges of individualism. Among the more fabulous collectors' organizations is the International Cigar Band Society, whose members value some of their shiny bits of paper at more than \$20 apiece. The Blue Moon Club collects match labels. It has members in six countries, and its leader boasts more than 25,000 specimens. At

annual banquets of the British Society of Collectors of Model (don't say toy!) Soldiers, there is serious talk on the shaping, painting and collecting of the little men. A similar German society was organized twelve years ago, and there are others in France and Belgium. Ex-King Alfonso of Spain had one of the finest toy soldier collections in the world. A Major Francis Mayers has spent a fortune on his. He owns one group of 12,000 figures representing the Battle of Waterloo. Another of his groups depicts the Coronation of Edward VII. Among model soldier collectors there are specialists, as there are in all hobbies. A M. Bertier collects only French soldiers of the First Empire, and in one exhibition 800 collectors of lead models only were represented.

As a collector, you need appeal to no one's logic but your own. Some people collect new things because they are good; others, bad things because they are old. A Parisian collected atrocious paintings because they were funny. Mrs. Ralph Barrett of New York has 200 pieces of statuary and ornamental china in which the Victorian hand motif appears. Another woman collects knots in pine blocks that resemble pictures. What anyone collects is part of his inviolable

castle. And it is fun to run once over lightly the queer objects, and even memories, some people choose.

A Montreal salesman takes the dunce cap for "collecting" the coughs, sniffles and sneezes of fellow streetcar passengers. The Crown Prince of Denmark collected train timetables, while Miss Virginia Morsér, more modern, specializes in those of airlines. One man makes a specialty of specimens of earth. James A. Vance gathers the scrawls and drawings made by high school and college students in textbooks, and many collectors snap up specimens of "doodling" from desk pads and phone booths. Another man collects canned foods from remote countries. A Rochester, N. Y., citizen hoards 10,000 streetcar transfers, and in Charles City, Iowa, Billy Smith boasts an accumulation of more than 110,000 pop bottle caps, representing 1250 varieties. There are those who save gas and electric bills in the hope of something more than rebates. Supreme Court Justice William H. Black of New York prefers travel guidebooks; an English clergyman, washboards; and one man with a sensitive nose has rows upon rows of rum bottles. Some years ago, I heard an empty-bottle specialist negotiate a barter with a connoisseur of liquor labels. Indeed, there are

so many collectors of miniature liquor bottles that they too have formed a society.

II

People collect weathervanes, menus, branding irons, book dedications, mystic symbols, marbles, tobacco tags, shipwreck fragments, theatre programs, broadsides and posters, old shoes and lottery tickets, discarded typewriters, nails, cuff links, comic strips, clothes worn at weddings, moustache cups, false teeth, hobnail barber bottles, worthless stock certificates and German 100,000-mark Treasury bonds. Sigmund Rothschild has 3000 speak-easy cards. Miss Mary Grimes of Norman, Oklahoma, has achieved a local reputation by saving rattlesnake skins.

There are collectors who specialize in trophies from hotels, restaurants and steamships, including bars of soap, sugar cubes, ashtrays and larger objects. There are those who collect decoy ducks, unexploded bullets, golf tees (George M. Klemer of Chicago has 1100), earrings, bracelets, fossils, snuff bottles, funeral ornaments, specimens of stale bread baked as long as 148 years ago, smutty photographs and pornographic moving pictures (one old man in New York

has eighty "blue" films), puppets, fans, keys, demijohns, photographs of locomotives, of the Dionne quintuplets, and of people who look alike.

Perhaps the queerest class are those who apparently sublimate cannibalistic impulses by collecting such items as fingernails; toenails, human hair (one man insists on pluckings from eyebrows), bunions and corns. There is a collector of children's teeth, and one who has a series of plaster casts of prize-fighters' fists. Somewhat like autograph collectors, they value the associations in relics of other human beings. Edward J. Girard, Philadelphia chiropodist, prefers clovers — with four or more leaves. Recently he added an eight-leafer.

Horace Heidt, band leader, collects miniature musical instruments that play, and James Henderson of Brookline, Mass., has a library of miniature books, many of them small enough to fit into thimbles, but quite legible — under a microscope. Ed Wynn has 800 hats, including fire chiefs' helmets from all over the country. Frank J. Wilstach collects similes and makes an honest penny publishing them. The late Nathaniel Charles Rothschild had a notable collection of fleas. President Roosevelt collects not only stamps but also Christmas cards.

Eventually, some apparently silly collections cease to be utterly pointless; they impinge upon beauty or on scientific, historical or antiquarian knowledge. Collections of Confederate money, Civil War letters, World War posters, or theatrical broadsides have powers of evocation denied to more formal historical documents. Some of the best collections are made in connection with people's work. Charles De Zemler, New York barber, spends his leisure gathering barbers' and surgeons' tools going back through history. Dr. C. G. Berger has an antiquarian and scientific interest in spectacles, lorgnettes, quizzing-glasses and spectacle boxes from the Seventeenth Century on. Charles Bragin, lawyer, has a collection of 30,000 dime novels that celebrates the Wild West of cowboys, Indians and train robbers. Mr. Bragin's library of paperbacks is valued at \$25,000.

Almost anyone can begin buying dime novels. But if you want to emulate some sensational collectors, you will need not only money but space. There are those who specialize in, for instance, pianos. George F. Harding collects suits of armor,

some of which cost \$100,000 each. G. M. Parezo prefers crossbows, and G. B. Jarrett has the best collection of German anti-tank guns, Archie guns and Stokes mortars. Dr. C. F. Brown has 1400 lamps, lanterns and other forms of ancient lighting apparatus.

It is impossible to encompass the whole scope and range of collecting. Within antiquities of each kind are sharp subdivisions. There are people who collect only whale ship figureheads, or whale ship flags, or pictures of whaling vessels, or whales' teeth. Among fanciers of Indian trophies, some collect only poisoned arrows; others, head-dresses or corn grinders. There is no objective standard for esthetic pleasure. Sydney H. Bell's modest enthusiasm is black diamonds worn by ancient aborigines. Cane collecting is a little specialty all its own, and for epochal achievement in this field consider Mr. Percy H. Johnston, whose sticks show the likenesses of every Hungarian king from Attila the Hun to Franz Joseph.

There's a moral to all this. Don't throw anything away. Someone must be collecting it.



► *Wherever there's trouble, there's
Von Papen —*

HITLER'S GENTLEMAN OF INTRIGUE

By S. L. SOLON

AMONG the ghosts of the past stalking the haunted house of Europe today, the loneliest and, in a sense, the most fearsome is lean, cadaverous Franz von Papen. Hating Hitler and fearing him, Von Papen has served him now for seven long years. The well-groomed aristocrat, lover of classical music and collector of fine porcelain, has found his master in the Austrian plebeian. Von Papen has had but one real passion in his life—political power. For this he has been ready to sacrifice friends, family and honor. An admirer of Bismarck and of Plato's *Republic*, first blueprint of a totalitarian world, he has kept faith only with the iron fist.

From the days when, as military attaché in Washington and Mexico City, he directed espionage and sabotage activities against the Allies to the present, the tall, stoop-shouldered Junker who looks like a cross between a college professor and a headwaiter has served those in power, whoever they happened to be. An avowed monarchist, he shelved his monarchism for repub-

lican office. A Catholic, he has intrigued against his Church. Pledging obedience to the Weimar Constitution, he betrayed it to dictatorship. An officer and *confidant* of old Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg, who made him Chancellor, he double-crossed his chief to deal with Adolf Hitler. A leader of the Catholic Center Party, he deserted Heinrich Brüning in 1932 and behind the scenes sold his political party for office. Today, in the twilight of a lifetime of political somersaulting, he labors to justify his reputation as Germany's star intriguer.

Several times Gestapo bullets have winged close to Von Papen's severe face and cropped skull. Within the Nazi party he has no friends. Goering regards him as an effete aristocrat for sale to the highest bidder in the coin of power. Dr. Goebbels fears him and muffles his publicity whenever possible. To Himmler he is "that damned traitor" — more than once Hitler has had to pull on the leash to keep his chief bloodhound from the

throat of his chief intriguer. Von Ribbentrop and Von Papen do not conceal a mutual contempt; as officers in the first World War they shared a tent in Jerusalem and together made a humiliating getaway from the advancing British. Von Papen is aware that Ribbentrop's *von* is phony and views the ex-champagne salesman as a low *arriviste* without merit or background. The Foreign Minister, in turn, looks on Von Papen as an interloper who did not "earn" his place in the Nazi apparatus.

Von Papen knows that Hitler stands between him and the other leaders. They are kept at bay only because the Führer values this wily son of the Junkers as the last bridge between the old-time reactionaries and the new-style totalitarians. Von Papen is also the connecting link between Hitler and the traditional diplomatic families of Europe who count him one of their own. He is able to intrigue for Hitler where other Nazis find doors barred to them. His career fitted him perfectly for the special role required of Hitler's diplomatic triggerman. Von Papen is at home in the diplomatic drawing-rooms, but he can also discuss intimately the latest techniques of dynamiting bridges. He knows Papal protocol by rote, but can also pull off a neat

kidnapping job, as Kurt Schuschnigg, now in a Nazi prison, can testify. As he rides with his daughter, Isabella, through Berlin's Tiergarten on a summer morning, he is the personification of the well-bred, retired Uhlan officer. But he is also an adept at the appeasement confidence game who rarely returns to Berchtesgaden empty-handed, and has sold Hitler's gold bricks at various times in London, Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Rome, Moscow and Ankara.

It was Von Papen whom Hitler assigned to organize the Saar campaign which finally added that region to the Third Reich in 1935. Hitler sent Von Papen to Austria to dupe the unhappy Schuschnigg into making the fatal trip to Berchtesgaden in February, 1938. The Fifth Column in Belgium and France was in large measure organized by Von Papen, who used his wide family connections among wealthy and aristocratic circles in those countries. He used his position as a Papal Chamberlain to persuade the Holy See that reports of Nazi persecution of Catholics in Germany were false. He helped sell Naziism to British Tory circles before the war and worked as Hitler's emissary-at-large throughout Scandinavia. Perhaps his crowning achievement was the negotiation of

the Nazi-Soviet Pact under the eyes of the British-French military mission in Moscow. He is now trying to make Turkey safe for the Swastika. Von Ribbentrop may get the publicity and Goering the medals, but it is Franz von Papen whom Hitler summons when he smells blood in the wind.

II

Von Papen is the tall, bookish, reflective Junker who has discarded the monocle in favor of horn-rimmed spectacles. In private life he affects the studied formality of the British country squire—a type he has always admired—and the flashy nervousness of the Monte Carlo gambler. His wife once remarked that after years of married life she still felt it necessary to address him as Herr von Papen. Von Papen is an expert horseman, and even when well into his fifties he rode as a jockey in gentleman races. In his dress he has a penchant for broad checks and loud colors. Like most wealthy Germans he claims to be something of a gourmet. The ribald story is told in Berlin that in the June, 1934, purge Goering wanted to kill Von Papen so he might “inherit” his cellar of fine old wines.

Von Papen can hardly be con-

sidered a brilliant conversationalist, being dull, precise and too self-conscious of his *herren* rank. His fellow-officers regarded him as rather a prig. As a public speaker he is at his best when talking to an audience of his own kind. He is an expert spokesman of the mixture of pompous romanticism and blood-and-iron realism which is served up in Germany as *Weltpolitik*.

“I like danger and invite it,” he likes to remark.

His early life is a stereotype of his class. He was born in the dull, Junker burg of Werl, in the shadow of an ancient monastery, but with the great black blast-furnaces of Westphalia on the horizon. The monastery and the furnaces are a dual symbol of the faith of the Von Papens, a blend of Catholicism and industrialism. They belonged to the famous *Salzjunker* group which controlled the salt mines of Germany. The Von Papen salt-rights go back to the days of Charlemagne, and Von Papen stock has always been in the army, though it also numbers clergymen, scientists and industrial leaders. Little Franz, under the influence of his mother, wanted to become a priest, but changed his mind and decided to follow his father's footsteps as a soldier. He was impressed by his father's stories of the Seven Weeks

War of 1866, which smashed Austria and paved the way for the North German Confederation. At seventeen he joined the Fifth Uhlans, which had more of a reputation for horsemanship than for brains.

At twenty-two the young cavalry officer married Martha von Boch, daughter of Geheimrat Boch, porcelain king and partner in the powerful combine of Villeroy and Boch which ruled in the Saar like feudal barons. The Boch family extends through Germany, Belgium and France.

The outbreak of the World War found Von Papen in Washington as military attaché of the German Embassy in charge of Count Joachim von Bernstorff. His American career would have wrecked any representative of a democratic power. To him Americans were "idiotic Yankees" who were not to be taken seriously. After 1914 Von Papen in America started his private campaign to win the war for the Central Powers. With more patriotism than subtlety he distributed army badges to German nationals in this country. One Werner Horn proudly stuck the insignia on his sleeve and set out to bomb a bridge or two between the United States and Canada. The bombings were complete failures

but Horn was soon nabbed and sent off to prison.

Von Papen detested Ambassador von Bernstorff as only the Prussian officer detests the civilian official. The ambassador believed it was more important to keep the United States from entering the war than to gain some minor successes in espionage and sabotage, which only inflamed Von Papen's passion for intrigue. He formed a network of secret agents responsible to himself alone. The pathetically inept Ambassador Dumba was in charge of the Austrian embassy in Washington. Von Papen shrewdly used Austrian officials in his secret work in order to cover up the Germans in case of exposure. Should the need arise the Austrians, with Ambassador Dumba at their head, were to be made the scapegoats.

In December, 1915, Von Papen and the naval attaché Boy-Ed were ordered to leave America. When the British searched his luggage at Falmouth it was found crammed with documents that involved many German nationals and sympathizers who had been left behind. An interned German colonel inquired angrily of Captain von Rintelen, who had also been arrested as a result of Von Papen's failure to get rid of incriminating evidence, "What regiment does

that fool come from?" "Fifth Regiment of Uhlans of the Guard, sir," Von Rintelen replied. "That explains everything," said the colonel.

Three years later, when Von Papen ran from Palestine, he left his possessions intact in Jerusalem. The British found, as one commentator put it, "all the confidential documents that Von Papen had not lost at Falmouth." A wire to London inquiring as to the disposition of the find elicited the immediate reply: "Forward papers. If Papen is captured do not intern. Send him to a lunatic asylum." Throughout his unsavory career there is this strange mixture of master-mind and stupidity, with his real gifts for chicanery and political mayhem saving him from the consequences of his mistakes.

After the war Von Papen became active in the aggregation of industrialists devoted to military glory and larger dividends that called itself the Herren Klub. He was smart enough by this time not to put all his money on one horse. Keeping the way open to the Republic, he remained in touch with the monarchists. His politics were simple: back to the good old days! But his tactics were dizzily intricate. The mélange of post-war German politics, with some fifty

parties in the field, was a challenge to his innate sense for intrigue, which grew sharper and more practised with every year.

Students of the German Republic have often been puzzled by Von Papen's steady rise. The German people turned away instinctively from his clammy political maneuvering. Party leaders distrusted him. How, therefore, did he work his way to the Chancellorship in 1932? How did he survive thereafter, when political heads fell all around him? The answer is that his seeming weakness was really his strength. His lack of popular sympathy recommended him to leaders who thought they could use him for their own ends. To the Catholic Centrists he was a Catholic with access to the government. To monarchists he was a believer in Kaiserdом with influence in the Republic. To Republicans he was a bridge with the Junkers and industrialists. To President von Hindenburg he was an officer and gentleman, someone a war lord could chat with, different from the Social Democratic rabble whom he despised. Thus he was everything to everybody, a man of myriad faces, in the end uncertain himself which face was real, an intriguer without genuine joy in his devious multiplicity and chameleon politics.

III

Von Papen's big chance came in 1932. It meant the betrayal of his own Catholic Center Party, but that was a trifle under his private code. Dr. Bruening had proposed that a number of bankrupt estates be turned over to the landless peasantry. Hindenburg almost exploded at this symptom of "agrarian Bolshevism." All that was needed was for Von Papen to double-cross his Party chief and offer to form a new government. He grabbed at the chance, promising everybody everything. Together with General von Schleicher he persuaded the senile President to form a "Presidential Cabinet" responsible to himself alone. On his way out Bruening bitterly remarked: "The old Field Marshal sees no difference between changing German Chancellors and changing his Chiefs of Staff in the war."

No sooner was Von Papen in charge than he forgot his pledge to stop the Nazis. He induced Hindenburg to offer Hitler the post of Vice-Chancellor and soothed the Austrian by pointing out that the Vice-Chancellorship was "the same post that Mussolini obtained in Italy after his march on Rome." The pretty scheme collapsed after Hindenburg met the Nazi Führer.

"That man wants to be Chancellor!" the old man thundered. "I'll make him postman."

Shortly thereafter Von Papen was succeeded by Von Schleicher and behind the scenes a tangled web of intrigue was being spun: Von Schleicher against Von Papen, Von Schleicher with Hitler's erstwhile lieutenant Gregor Strasser, Von Papen with Hitler. In Hitler, however, Von Papen had met his equal in the talents of conniving. Characteristically, Von Papen sought to get him into his power by buying up, through his paper, *Germania*, a number of notes signed by Hitler to get funds. If Hitler balked at compromise Von Papen would blackmail him by threatening to present these overdue notes for payment. The Nazi rabble-rouser would be compelled to come to terms, and Von Papen would be assured of Nazi support while currying favor with the Catholics and the Republicans as the savior of Germany from Hitler. A neat trick if it could be turned! But Hitler, with a sea of Nazis at his back, could afford to challenge the Junker Canute who sought to stop the Nazi tide by financial blackmail. The Junker capitulated to the Nazi. Sixty days later Hitler rose to absolute power from the embers of the Reichstag building.

Von Papen scrambled to make his peace. He spoke in Essen and in his clipped, nervous voice declared, "God must love Germany, for in her greatest need He sent her Adolf Hitler." After secret negotiations with Hitler, he made his infamous Marburg speech. His seemingly anti-Nazi utterances on that occasion were intended to give Hitler an added excuse for purging the radical elements from the Party. Von Papen posed as a representative of the Army conservatives. But after Hitler had killed off Roehm and Heines and others who were talking about a "second revolution," it was necessary to show that Von Papen did not, after all, represent a real opposition. The problem was easily solved; Von Papen repudiated his speech and cast the blame on Jung, his secretary. He stood aside while the Gestapo slaughtered his aide.

Soon Von Papen was speaking familiarly about "our revolution." For a long time the radical elements in the Nazi set-up wanted to simplify affairs by killing Von Papen. Hitler had other plans. He wiped out Von Papen's friends and collaborators: Bose, Schotte, Werner von Alvensleben, Jung, Von Schleicher. But he could use Von Papen. In the quick-witted and unscrupulous Junker the new

master of Germany saw an agent who would stop at no degradation. Dependent directly on Hitler for his very life, he would be faithful as long as Hitler held power. With a gesture of supreme contempt, the new Chancellor offered the ex-Chancellor the post of Ambassador to Austria. "I accept with pleasure." Von Papen snapped to attention eagerly. In the village of Wallerfangen in the Saar Basin where Von Papen has his home, the villagers expressed their feelings by deserting the streets when Von Papen went for a walk.

Hitler sent Von Papen to Rome to negotiate a concordat with the Pope at a time when persecutions of Catholics were in full swing. He brought the concordat home to Hitler and persecutions promptly increased. More sordid work was to come, in Von Papen's virtual abduction of Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria to Berchtesgaden. As "one Catholic to another," Von Papen assured the Austrian Chancellor of Hitler's good intentions. "Go to Berchtesgaden, Herr Bundeskanzler," Von Papen told him, "and you will talk to our Führer and Reichskanzler as one brother to another." With a straight face Von Papen told the unhappy Austrian, "You will have then the protection of Adolf Hitler's glitter-

ing and immaculate word of honor behind which everyone who obtains it feels secure." A few days later Nazi forces invaded Austria.

Von Papen's most important assignment as Hitler's diplomatic Man Friday was the one that precipitated the war: the negotiation of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Von Papen the Junker intriguer and Stalin the Georgian despot understood each other. It was in Moscow — where he is believed to have visited secretly — that Von Papen received the Kremlin's guarantees that Turkey would not enter the war on the side of the Allies. The full weight of Russia, bearing down on Turkey from the north, was to keep Turkey neutral. At this writing the neutrality seems in danger of cracking.

Von Papen has an affection for only one person in the world, his daughter Isabella. He has tried to rear her on the orthodox Junker pattern. She is the last link between Von Papen and the scuttled world of Kaiserdom. Aside from Isabella there is little left of Von Papen's ambitious hopes. He is tied to Hitler's chariot, a hostage from a forgotten time, and despises his Nazi captor. Yet Hitler's ruthless fanaticism has much in common with Von Papen's cold scheming. The two men are beginning

to understand each other. Hitler's dream of world conquest was once a madman's fantasy to him, but now he begins to wonder if the madman wasn't right. But the world that Von Papen envisions differs from Hitler's projected Nazi Empire. Von Papen's élite would be the Junker monarchists with a Kaiser at their head, not the coterie of Nazi plebeians that now rules the Third Reich. Hitler, aware of this, keeps a careful eye on the graying Junker. He knows that Von Papen will be on hand to serve any new master. Von Papen dreams of a restored Potsdam under a Kaiser for whom he would play Bismarck. Should Hitler begin to slip, Von Papen would be the first to intrigue against him.

In his last meeting with Charles Maurice de Talleyrand, Napoleon on the eve of surrender to the Allies summed up his opinion of history's most famous intriguer. Shaking his fist in the face of the ex-chamberlain of the Empire, Napoleon exclaimed: "You are a coward, a traitor, a thief. You do not even believe in God. You have betrayed and deceived everybody. You would sell even your own father." Will Hitler one day address similar words to his own little Talleyrand, Franz von Papen?

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Lament for Irish Playwrights

IF critics were paid their present disproportionately munificent wage to ask questions rather than to answer them — ah, rosy day! — I should begin this month's cheque-cadger with the query: What has happened to the Irish playwrights? — and should thereupon under the new dispensation promptly demand a raise. But the world being what it is today, what with capitalism in the saddle and us poor slaves still forced to work for our hire, I am, alas, driven to pursue the inquiry. Baring myself to the waist and mopping my brow, I accordingly go to work.

It was only a very short time ago that I, along with other drama critics, stoutly believed and vociferously affirmed that in the Irish playwrights, if anywhere, rested the hope and glory of the contemporary theatre. And for that belief and that affirmation there seemed to be ample justification. Surely what imaginative and poetic life our stage enjoyed in more recent seasons was largely the gift of the Irish. And equally surely it was the

Irish in the antecedent years who could usually be relied upon to bring to the drama of our hungry theatre that blend of wonder and humor and fancy and delicate rhythm that for long has been their peculiar blessing.

But now something seems to have happened. Except for O'Casey, whose *Purple Dust* was originally scheduled for this season but has been postponed until next, the quondam rich vein appears to have run dry. Carroll, who gave us *Shadow and Substance* and *The White Steed*, has collapsed utterly in both *Kindred* and *The Old Foolishness*. Ervine, who began so auspiciously with plays like *John Ferguson*, *Jane Clegg* and *Mixed Marriage*, has wound up with a succession of weak minor comedies, the one most recently exhibited here, *Boyd's Daughter*, being so shockingly inferior that it was hard to associate Ervine's name with it. Denis Johnston, whose *The Moon in the Yellow River* was a thing to treasure, has since then turned out *The Bride and the Uni-*

corn, a garbled mythological fantasy so poor that it appealed for production only to pretentious amateur groups, and an infirm comedy, *The Golden Cuckoo*, which no one has found sufficient interest in to produce.

Dunsany has sometime since gone into a decline as precipitous and alarming as a ski-jump. Lennox Robinson, remembered for *Patriots*, *The Lost Leader*, *The White-Headed Boy*, etc., has in his later plays substituted garrulity for drama and in the process laid his audiences flat. George Birmingham, who negotiated the admirable, satiric *General John Regan*, hasn't been heard of for years. Teresa Deevy wrote *Katie Roche*, whereupon her talent curled up on her. George Shiels has similarly fallen off; Brinsley MacNamara has written nothing since *Look at the Hefternans* to attract a moment's notice; T. C. Murray has grown feebler and feebler with each successive play; and their sad story is the sad story of the rest.

The newer and younger playwrights, moreover, seem to have next to nothing to offer, as witness such shoddy comedy as the Farrell-Perry *Spring Meeting* of two seasons ago and such gimcrack drama as the Louis D'Alton *Tanyard Street* of this season.

II

This defunct *Tanyard Street* (called *A Spanish Soldier* when originally shown at the Abbey) may in a measure, I think, be taken as a gauge of some of the reasons which have worked toward the Irish drama's late enfeeblement, since it happens to be infected with many of the typical schizomycetes. About the only one, indeed, that is absent is the dyed purple passage or passages sing-songing either the glory of the old Celtic saints and heroes or the rustlin' o' th' leaves and th' swishin' o' th' wathers about Moura-na-Mourna whin th' spirit o' ould Mitch-na-Crounihanoughin steals like a skithy leprechaun out th' shadows o' th' glen o' Houlna-Shilgalowiddlidonderry. All the others are there, getting in their dirty work.

First among them is the micro-organism of the church, or the bacterium tholoideum theologicum. While originally nonpathogenic in the case of a number of Irish dramatists, it has gradually of late proved itself rather virulent. Metaphor aside, the topic has been hashed and rehashed for so long and so often belabored that the dramatic juice has gone out of it. It frequently seems that when an Irish play-

wright can't think of anything else to embroider an opus with he will drag in a churchman and pitch him and his credo against some opposing character, much as an American playwright in the same arid situation will often introduce a stytic spinster given to Lindy repartee, or an English playwright a male of indistinguishable species given to the same thing in slightly more blasé, world-weary and refined accents. The Irish have apparently now rung all the changes possible on the subject of the church and the theme, whether central or subsidiary, wears a wan and tired look.

In the second place, we have the recent mechanical introduction into the plays of what may for quick identification be described as the Barry Fitzgerald character. It doesn't matter who plays it, whether it be Fitzgerald or Laurence O'Brien or anybody else; it persistently remains largely the same character. Derived from the great O'Casey roles of Fluther and Joxer, it has been reduced and bastardized into a kind of Irish minstrel show end-man and has been arbitrarily incorporated into plays (*vide The Old Foolishness, Tanyard Street*, et al.) for comedy relief. You recognize it at once: the shiftless, ill-kempt mick, most often an amiable sponger, who is either constantly

and wryly bemoaning the state of his liver and lights and the world about him in general or with irrepressible gab discoursing on the sad plight of Ireland today as opposed to the rare, brave, gallant Ireland of the time of the old gods. Now he may come on with only one shoe and his shirt-tail hanging out, now he may appear with a mysteriously acquired black eye but with a larky mien withal, and then he may show up having comic trouble adjusting his Sunday-go-to-meeting starched collar and his other pair of pants, but call him what they will it is always O'Casey's character borrowed and indifferently paraphrased. And with small exception it has come to be as dully stereotyped — even when the matchless Fitzgerald himself has been persuaded to play it — as the comic maidservant and the dry monotone detective of the routine American plays or the imperturbable manservant and the wise old duchess of the routine English, or for that matter the senescent boulevardier with an eye still for the girls and the discreet *cabinet particulier* waiter of the routine French.

Thirdly, we engage the chatty neighbor busybody, sometimes male but more often female, who periodically intrudes upon the action for no other reason than

that the author has to fill out his play by fair means or foul and who contributes less than nothing to the development of the evening. This character (occasionally in more trying circumstances elaborated into a married couple) generally bustles or flounces on, plumps down either at stage centre or at the dining-room table to one side, and in a brogue that usually seems exaggeratedly brogueful for that particular neighborhood, considering the speech of the other characters, launches into a theoretically hilarious rapid-fire confabulation animadverting upon everything and everyone in sight, intermittently, if female, embellishing the palaver with Biblical quotations, all of them mis-cited.

The humorous high point in connection with this female character comes when the play's central male figure, believing she has already left, enters the room inquiring if that fat owl hen has gone yet. If the character is male, it comes when he pours the fourth increasingly copious spot of liquor out of his host's treasured bottle and, finding nothing more in the bottle, gets up from the table, wobbles unsteadily to his feet, elaborately adjusts his hat to his head, and starts to make his departure, only to hesitate momentarily and make cer-

tain there isn't a wee drop left that he may have overlooked.

The mystic touch is No. 4. The mystic touch has come to be pretty arbitrary in Irish plays. It seems that Irish playwrights think it is expected and demanded of them, even when their plays would be better off without it and when they themselves have no more mysticism in them than Louis B. Mayer or a *fieldebrett*. As a consequence, it is an uncommon Irish play in the more contiguous years that at one point or another has not vouchsafed us a little of the eerie delicatessen. It may be something in the way of a holy miracle, as in this *Tanyard Street*, or a weird sense of the past wrought by the moonlight, as in *The Old Foolishness*, or a congress of ghosts out of the obdurate yesterdays, as in *Kindred*, or anything else of the sort. But more often than not, save in the better Irish plays of earlier seasons, the attempt at mysticism has been enveloped with a forced and illicit air. And more and more, its dubiousness easily penetrable, it seems to be incorporated into the plays with a studied commercial eye to much the same effect sought in inferior American plays, albeit less subtly, through the incorporation of such more earthy attestations as "God damn" and "son-of-a-bitch."

In the finer Irish plays the quality of mysticism is deeply impressive and genuinely moving and beautiful. But in the second- and third-rate plays it has come to be just a trifle ridiculous. The idea that every Irish writer is a bit of a mystic in his soul, an idea liberally encouraged and even boozily asseverated by the Irish writers themselves, is in the light of many of their latter day exhibits open to considerable suspicion. Self-convinced that they are veritable and authentic *corpsbrüder* of Ireland's mythological deities and thirty-third degree lodge brothers of all the elves and gnomes and sprites, numerous otherwise possibly valid Celtic playwrights have cavorted in fields to which they have been psychically alien, and their plays have accordingly and refractorily taken on the aspect of so many Halloween pumpkins desperately hoping to pass themselves off for the ghosts of proud Finn, and Fergus, and Cathleen ni Houlihan, and the gentle Deirdre, and Ma-vourneen eternal.

III

Which brings us to item 5. In other words, the omnipresent young Irishman in conflict with his surroundings, the counterpart of the

brash young radical ubiquitous in most of the bad American drawing-room plays of the last dozen years. This character has become part of the stencil of the more recent Irish drama. Customarily played by a tall, lanky, tousled-haired young actor in unpressed tweeds and with ever a look on his face suggesting he got out of bed on the wrong side that morning and anticipates an imminent seizure of cramps, it is designated sometimes as a rebellious schoolteacher, sometimes as a youth who has been out in the world and returns to the hide-bound village that was his home, sometimes as one who has served in the military and been wounded by the dastardly English, and at still others as one who is doomed to live out his life in the constricted community and who strains at the shackles that bind him. But whatever it and he be nominated, it and he are always pretty much the same. He is sure to be sore as hell about everything; he will in all likelihood be found to be in love with the female property of another; he will be certain to let loose soon or late with a contemptuous tirade against everything and everybody, including the female in the case; and in the end he will in all probability either leave the house in a dudgeon or, if the play be of

slightly more sombre cast, be shot by the authorities while trying to escape, in which event he will be carried back into the house and prolong the agony by irrelevantly and at undue length assuring his oul' da' and the female of his hopeless passion that the spirit of Ireland will never die.

A sixth speciality is the Canon. You can't get away from the Canon. At times and in the hands of some playwright like O'Casey or the Carroll of *Shadow and Substance* and *The White Steed* he turns out to be a rich and fruity delight, but in the hands of the general later run of Irish playwrights, including the hands of the more recent Carroll himself, he is as inveterate as the butler of contemporary English comedy or the Indian chief of the 10-20-30 stockade melodrama of the American last century. With negligible exception he always looks like the kind of actor who couldn't otherwise get a job unless someone revived one of the old E. S. Willard plays at a dollar top; he always comports himself as if he had just miraculously recovered from a case of ptomaine poisoning; he frequently alternates his stern counsel with a *schmitzel* of mellow and understanding humor; and he occasionally is not averse to a covert sampling of the biscuits of the

household he is visiting — indeed, a glass of good port is also not beyond his pseudo-hesitant acceptance, bad for his rheumatism misery though it be, glory be t' God.

Finally, there is the ingénue. Just why she is in four out of every five of the later Irish plays, it is rather difficult to make out, since she usually seems to have only the vaguest connection with what is going on and appears to have been written into the play simply because the author either had a crush on some little lassie to whom he wanted to give a job or was tired of always sitting around in the pub after his other plays with the undeniably talented but hopelessly old and fat actresses in the companies. This ingénue, her exact association with the other characters seldom very clearly defined, uniformly wears the only fresh, clean-looking dress in the play, has her trim legs, however poor and squalid the setting, encased in the latest thing in silk French stockings, and earns her weekly histrionic salary solely by breezily frisking hither and yon about the stage and periodically varying the procedure by either bringing in or carrying out a dish of something or other, all to no discernible purpose.

Maybe these are some of the reasons contributing to the in-

creasing torpor of the Irish drama of the last few years. If they aren't, I have anyway at least done my hired duty in trying to answer the question posed in the opening paragraph, so send on that cheque, you!

IV

Brief mention: In extenuation, explanation and apology — following the general critical disapprobation of his absurd kindergarten allegory on the value of American freedom called *Liberty Jones* — Philip Barry delivered himself of the following: "When I first started the play I knew that to be what I wanted it to be it must have a childlike candor, a simplicity, an innocence. My

job was to write it that way." What Mr. Barry apparently does not understand and appreciate is that the dramatic impression of childlike candor, etc., is not to be gained by childish writing, which he has been guilty of. I give him as required reading Schönherr, Barrie, et al. In his attempt to achieve childlike candor he has succeeded only in achieving artless baby-talk; in his attempt to achieve simplicity he has succeeded only in achieving vacuity; and in his attempt to achieve innocence he has managed only to achieve silliness.

Rose Franken's comedy of young marriage, *Claudia*, is as thoroughly likable a play of its sort as has come this way in some seasons. I warmly commend it to your attention.



NO RIPPLE BLURS

BY MARY FERGUSON LEGLER

NO ripple blurs the lake's bright picturing
Of somber rock and overhanging birch,
The reddened maple and wind-tortured pine,
Fronds of fern, sumach and goldenrod;
And when the fisherman from his canoe
Plumbs quiet pools with slow and practiced care
It is as though his line dropped heavenward
And caught in piles of cavernous white cloud
Rising from a bottomless blue sky.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

NAVAL ceremony announced in the San Diego *Union* as Southern California girds its loins for defense:

The Rev. Glenn K. Seymour and Miss Grayce Seymour will receive the public in their garden, 7870 Ivanhoe Ave., La Jolla, tomorrow from 1 to 5 P.M., when a bird bath will be dedicated. National defense will be the theme of the afternoon, and miniature models of Old Ironsides will ride the pool.

ESSAY by a high school student, enshrined in the Los Angeles *Times*:

On April 14, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was shot by Booth Tarkington. He jumped from the balcony and broke his leg in the American flag. Then he went to a blacksmith and had his shoes put on backward so that the posse would think he was going the other way. He was finally caught and now his body is being shown in the museums and at world's fairs.

INDIANA

ADDENDA for the history of sports in a world gone slightly haywire, from Bicknell's *Daily News*:

An unusual hobby of an elderly Bicknell citizen has come to light with Nicholas Powers, 207 Alexandria Street, reporting that during his spare time he has killed 143,050 flies since July 8. Mr. Powers reports he started this

adventure in July and ended it on Dec. 10. He kept a record of the number of flies killed each day and a total of the various months. Flies killed during the months included: July, 18,300; August, 57,300; September, 40,400; October, 22,700; November, 4200; and part of December, 150. Mr. Powers states he wore out eight fly swatters and that the ninth one is the worse for wear.

MINNESOTA

WOMANKIND again gets the last word, this time in the Duluth *Herald-News Tribune*:

I WILL not be responsible for any bills contracted by my wife, Elaine Swick, 226 W. 3rd St., from this date, Feb. 7, 1941. Earl Swick.

* * *

EARL SWICK — Since when has your credit rating been O.K. for me to charge under your name? Elaine Swick, 226 W. 3rd St.

MISSOURI

A PIONEER leaves the confectionery business. From "Business Opportunities" in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*:

CONFECTIONERY — The owner is 85 years old and wants to retire; has had 35 years of Western life full of adventure, danger and thrill; went west in 1875 with 36 covered wagons; expedition consisted of 47 men and 19 women and I will make a guess that none of the

women wore silk stockings; plenty of stock, living quarters for man and wife; rent \$20; good business block; am the only surviving eyewitness to the slaying of Bob Ford, the man that killed Jesse James of Missouri.

NEBRASKA

SPARTAN military life in Omaha is reflected among "Board and Room" bargains in the *World-Herald*:

Army officer will share room; also girl to share.

NEW YORK

A STALINIST tells the *Daily Worker* he liked a book:

I just finished reading *The Soviet Power*, by Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury. It's a holy book, preaching a code of ethics and morals of the highest order. It is more, a drama — a Shakespearean drama, in which the world is the stage, mankind the players and Sovietism the romance. . . . *The Soviet Power* is not a book at all. It is a powerful magnet, attracting to it with irresistible force and holding fast all who come within its sight. It is a chunk of radium, emitting from each page a myriad radiant sparks of hope, courage and inspiration. It is a generator of untold energy — a veritable power plant. . . . It is a mighty beacon light, standing so high and shining so brightly, that, seeing it, people will not run into the pitfalls of the past — drudgery, hunger and misery, but will proudly march straight-forward toward their goal — to socialism, security and everlasting happiness.

COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY propaganda is detected on the socially

conscious Woman's Page of the *Sunday Worker*:

Editor, Daily Worker: On the woman's page of our *Sunday Worker* of Jan. 26, we were startled to see displayed prominently a pair of unreal, indolent, lily-white, richly bejeweled hands adorned with fantastically long and piquantly barbarous, painted fingernails. . . . This picture represents the "expensive" women and the women who have been "bought" out of the class struggle. It represents one of the most debilitating influences in American life and one which our young girls are struggling so valiantly against.

Pious acknowledgment from "The Lion's Roar," monthly Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sanctum in *The Ladies' Home Journal*:

You cannot afford to miss Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart. Only God can make a trio like that.

It's the slack season at Palm Beach, indicates the New York *World-Telegram*:

Before young Mrs. George Vanderbilt, the former Lucille Parsons, left for Palm Beach recently she dropped into Saks Fifth Avenue and bought \$1,000 worth of slacks.

UTAH

Who said the West has gone sissy? Rumors of discord among the Neighbors of Woodcraft are scotched by their correspondent in Park City's *Park Record*:

There was some rumors of altercation between the Chairman of the serving committee of the Neighbors of Wood-

craft and other officers. There is no foundation for such rumor. The only fact which could benefit from these rumors is that the Chairman's husband raised his voice and also called police help.

WEST VIRGINIA

WHY rural schoolteachers can't teach — an election card distributed last November:

B. F. HUFFMAN
IMPERIAL, W. VA.

*Democratic Candidate for Member
Board of Education*

MY PLATFORM

Dear Voters of Upshur County:

I am in favor of only 6 months of rural schools, and only allow them per month for a term per year, and only \$75 per month for first grade and \$50 for second grade. They must all hold grades from the State Examinations and not allow one teacher to only teach the same school but once a year; not to have the same one year at a time. I am not in favor of married women teaching at all; also, I am not in favor of the board members of taking money from teachers for giving them schools they want to teach. Also, I don't think we have any use for a truant officer. The president of the school board should serve as county superintendent and truant officer.

WASHINGTON

LABORS among the heathen, reported to the Clark County *Sun*

from the flourishing Finnish community at Hockinson:

Axel Uskoski left Monday evening for the New England states, where he will engage in some missionary work.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

WHEN the British go all-out in enthusiasm, it's something really sizzling, as revealed by Winston Churchill in a recent broadcast:

But the police have been in it everywhere, all the time, and as a working-woman wrote me in a letter, "What gentlemen they are!"

JAPAN

IN charming allegory, the Nipponese dream is made clear to intriguing Westerners. Cables the Associated Press from Shanghai:

Major Kunio Akiyama, spokesman for the Japanese Expeditionary Force in China, declared at his press conference today that "Japan has the heart of a dove of peace, but a snake — the United States and Great Britain — has placed its egg in the dove's nest." The egg, Major Akiyama said, is "the fortification of Singapore, the arrival of Australian troops in Malaya and the impending fortification of Guam and Samoa. A newspaperman asked him what he thought would hatch from the egg. "God knows," Major Akiyama replied, "but the dove will protest vigorously."

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Story of a Planet

IT is possible to recount the life of a bat, or a raccoon, or a turtle, or a swallowtail butterfly or any other earth creature, in the rounded pattern of a beginning and a life course and a death. But it seldom occurs to us that the earth itself — the spinning planet that supports ourselves and these other lives — is also a transient body that has been born, and lives, and will die. We seldom realize that its life, although a little larger and a little longer than any other, is not less insubstantial. The earth looks huge to us because we are such small passengers on it, and it has a seeming permanence because our life spans in relation to cosmic changes are so tiny. But viewed detachedly, in the wide perspective of the universe, our earth is the smallest of drifting cosmic offspring and its whole career no longer than the dancing of a May fly. We speak, being human, of the “eternal hills” and “everlasting earth,” for an aeon seems an unpassably long time to us; but in truth the hills, and indeed the corpus of the planet

itself, are no less impermanent than a thistle seed. It is a good thing occasionally to reflect upon this matter: to review broadly the probable life history of the briefly whirling body of our planet, and the way of its birth and likely death. Such reflection has a way of reducing, if only momentarily, the ugly immediate events of the particular year 1941 to a gratifying triviality and inconsequence.

The earth came into being as a product of the sun, or of that particular sun, to be precise, which among all the unreckonable suns flaring through the void happens to be the one that now warms our bones and grows our cabbages. The exact way of the birth has been variously guessed at. Laplace envisaged the sun as once a mass of light hot gas five billion miles in diameter, whirling around a nucleus which is the present sun and cooling as it whirled. With cooling and contraction the gas formed rings, and these, breaking in fragments, resulted in that rhythmic whirl of particles which is our solar

system. Before and since Laplace's day there has been many another hypothesis advanced. Doubtless the simplest theory was the late Bishop Ussher's pious calculation that the earth sprang into life *ex nihilo*, by Fiat of God, in the year 4004 B.C., while the most elaborately formulated and generally accepted is doubtless the Moulton-Chamberlin hypothesis or one of its variants. This theory holds that at an ancient date, some thousands or millions of millions of years ago, a great star passed quite near the sun. By gravity it pulled at the sun's hot gas, raising a tide that was in time stretched forth from the sun's body like an arm, and, in further time, was broken off. The parts of the detached mass, attracted both by the sun and by the passing star, were set to revolving; of various densities, the parts of the mass became nebular knots that are now the earth and the other planets. In the future there will doubtless be revisions of this conjecture; but astronomers think the core of it is sound and that it does present, in essence, a correct chronicle of our long-ago genesis.

II

The newborn earth, like a newborn weasel or a newborn fox, was

much smaller than in its present season of greater maturity. It was perhaps no more than two or three thousand miles in diameter. Only with the passage of millenniums was it to grow slowly in bulk by a process of planetary "feeding" — by an assimilation into itself of wandering particles of matter, some small as dust grains and some big as planetoids, left over from the solar disruption. There is not only vividness, but even a vestige of scientific truth, in old Fechner's concept of the earth as a kind of questing animal, prowling through the dim immensities of space and browsing and waxing fat.

The body of the young earth may have taken a long or a little while for cooling, after its issuance out of the body of the parent sun. Opinions differ. But soon or late, whether slowly like a baby squirrel or quickly like a precocious chick, it completed its period of infantile plasticity; it began, like any lesser growing body, to acquire toughness of covering. Around its soft hot flesh a skin formed. It was a skin that is now, in our time, about forty miles thick, a thin and crinkled covering that wraps a body whose interior stuffs are a nucleus of iron, an 800-mile interior flesh layer of semi-molten silicate, and a final subcutaneous tissue of thou-

sand-mile-thick rock. The young earth's skin was perhaps a few thousand years in forming, and as it grew the planet began to acquire also the other characteristics and endowments of adulthood. It had sloughed off earlier a little piece of its soft infant-flesh — that dead fragment that we now call the moon — and had become a crusted sphere. Now it was ready for taking on the apparatus of water and air, and for the forming of oceans.

The air and water may have come from inside the earth or from outside it. There is dispute among geologists. The Moulton-Chamberlin view is that as the young earth grew in size it began to draw to itself, when it was about one-tenth matured, the molecules of air; it began to hold around itself a thin atmosphere which it had been too small at birth to attract. The water-gases then began to fall as rain. Such may have been the way of it; or it may have been out of the earth's hot interior that the water-forming gases issued. In the fullness of time, in any case, the earth at last wrapped itself in an envelope of atmosphere; its crinkly hide became wet with water; oceans grew. Up out of the earth's interior, quite probably, the molten rock forced its way through thin spots in the skin. Cooling, the

heavy masses depressed the skin into hollows; in these basaltic pits the water gathered and there was the genesis of seas.

A young animal, when its period of infantile malleability is over, does not then pass into a static and rigid form, nor does an oak tree or an anthrax bacterium or a botfly or a human being. All life is perpetual growth and change, perpetual flux and translation. The life of earth has been no exception. After its cooling and its taking on of skin and air and water, it continued to pass like every other body through ceaseless transitions, ceaseless alterations . . . processes of active change which are still continuing today, though we find it a hard realization to entertain as we look out at some quiet scene of mountains or meadows that to our human eyes have a look of finished permanence. Many a time during its billion-odd-year life the planet has twitched its crinkly, crusted hide like a great bull bothered by gadflies, and it is still doing so today. The Daly-Wegener hypothesis asserts that earth's skin in times past has been relatively smooth — what we should call a single continent — and that by twitchings and crinklings of its skin the earth has displaced the continents and raised up chains of

mountains, and is continuing today to alter restlessly the contours of its hide-surface. Only because the ripples of the skin and subcutaneous rock and molten flesh-layer 1000 miles below are so mightily slow in comparison with our own human rhythms, are we unable to perceive them. Similarly, earth has from time to time, for reasons thus far inscrutable, developed on its surface great coats and sheets of mile-thick ice, coats that have endured each time perhaps a hundred thousand years or so and then slowly disappeared. But because of the human time-terms in which we think, it is only with difficulty that we can realize that we are living in the last dwindling phase of one such ice episode today.

Tomorrow, geologically speaking, all earth's body will be hot and jungle-foliaged again, and winter gardens will grow in Greenland; by day after tomorrow, an ice-coat will once more have wrapped a great part of the planet, and every single creeping, crawling, flying, walking, swimming thing in its range — including our biped selves — will have once more been erased. The enormous rhythms, the enormous cycles of earth's life are only a little more intelligible to us than the huge body-processes of a moose or an elk must be to the tiny

ticks that cling to its belly hairs.

Such have been some of the episodes, as best we can decipher them, of earth's birth and slow maturing and — so to speak — its metabolism. What shall one say of its likely destiny?

Earth's destiny, like that of every other created thing, is undoubtedly to die. We mites that cling to the hide of earth, of course, are not the question; our tenure of life is utterly precarious. Slowly, slowly fails the energy of the sun; slowly, slowly the moon slows earth's spinning. Extinction by fire or extinction by intolerable cold, unless all calculations have been mistaken, is the certain, not-too-distant destiny of the small stirrings and strivings on earth's outer crust. But earth itself? Perhaps death by collision: a shattering of earth's body like the death of a May beetle blundering against a lamp. Perhaps, finally, only a slow entrance into that all-embracing "cosmic death" toward which, according to the second law of thermodynamics, the whole universe is heading . . . that coming time when all the energies, of all there is, will have at last run down. But death most certainly, death for the earth as surely as for a gray-muzzled fox or a spent old man, when its span of days is done.

THE LIBRARY

The Myth of a Happy Russia

BY EUGENE LYONS

FACTS may be demolished. But fancies, being unrelated to logic, are impregnable.

Take Stalin's Russia. It touched off another World War by giving the right of way to the Nazis, and followed this up with cynical aggressions against all its Western neighbors. The bloodiest political slaughter in modern times took perhaps a hundred thousand Russian lives — this soon after a man-made famine killed from four to six millions. Forced labor on a scale to shame the Pharaohs proceeds in Soviet prison camps with a total population of five millions. A terrorized population — tied to the land and to workbenches by a feudal internal passport system, denied even vestigial political freedoms — stands queued up in sub-zero weather in the hope of a little more food. The gap between the new rulers and the browbeaten masses grows wider daily.

The grim reality is on record in overwhelming detail. It can be

avoided only by a strong effort of the will, by closing one's eyes and barricading one's mind. Manya Gordon, an American economist of Russian birth, has just written a full, documented, sober volume, *Workers Before and After Lenin*,¹ which tells the facts in words as cold as a coroner's report. She has cut through the statistical legerdemain by translating Soviet rubles into real values like bread, milk, shoes. She has stripped the Stalinist "trade unions" and "social security" and "new education" of their thick layers of make-believe to reveal the state-slavery underneath. It is an old story by this time, but Miss Gordon tells it for the first time in such sharp, concrete, factual language. No one who has not read it and digested it fully has any right, hereafter, to talk about Russia. Now that the job of dissecting the Bolshevik legend has been done, there is no

¹ *Workers Before and After Lenin*, by Manya Gordon. Dutton. \$4.00.

valid excuse for delusions.

A few months earlier an English economist, Dr. Freda Utley, told the same story in more personal and emotional terms in *The Dream We Lost*.² She had married a Russian official and lived in Moscow for many years; the book is an account of that nightmare of injustice, terror and mass suffering as seen by a sensitive and highly intelligent woman. Her competence in analyzing facts and figures, joined to her deep personal experience, produced a book that reveals not alone the physical degeneration of Russia under Stalin but its moral putrefaction. And the sensational autobiography of Jan Valtin, *Out of the Night*,³ has disclosed the Muscovite affliction in another of its many dimensions: its political underworld of international espionage and assassination.

These are only the latest in an array of revealing books about the Soviet Utopia. Even some of the Kremlin's most enthusiastic volunteer press agents — men like Louis Fischer, Maurice Hindus, Vincent Sheean, Frederick L. Schuman, etc. — are finally telling some brutal truths about Stalin's ways.

Nevertheless, the towering myth of a free, happy, democratic, equal-

itarian and peace-loving Russia under the benign smile of Stalin still stands in our midst — if anything, more glittering and gewgawish than ever. Neither pacts with Hitler nor attacks on Finland, neither purges nor mounting privations, can dim its artificial effulgence. There are thousands of persons in all countries who yearn for a refuge from harsh facts, a homeland for their tortured spirits, and most of them seem to have found it in a wholly imaginary land which they call Soviet Russia. With few exceptions they are good of heart but feeble of mind. Their eagerness to believe in the Kremlin Santa Claus is a species of panic. There is a kind of delirious genius about their ability to rationalize away the obvious and to wish mountains of factual evidence out of existence.

The obsessions of these pathetic folk should be studied by psychopathologists rather than book reviewers. But merely for the record, let us make note of what is perhaps the most extraordinary example of the Soviet aberration that has come to my attention in years of careful reading of the Stalinoid literature of hallucination. I refer to *The Soviet Power*,⁴ in which the Very

² *The Dream We Lost*, by Freda Utley. Day. \$2.75.

³ *Out of the Night*, by Jan Valtin. Alliance. \$3.50.

⁴ *The Soviet Power*, by Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury. Modern Age. \$1.00.

Reverend Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, has achieved an unsurpassed masterpiece of unreality.

On the basis of a brief conducted tour of his Never-Never Land, and an honest and earnest survey of his own eager hopes, the good Dean has described a country truly "Christian in spirit"; a country of "complete equality," "new humanism," "personal security for all," "a new form of democracy"; a country marked by "the absence of fear" where "prices steadily fall and wages rise." There are flaws, of course, but "to concentrate on blemishes or on cruel modes of application in the tumult of revolution is to miss the vital points." Besides, these blemishes, the nice old man explains, are merely "a hangover from the days of Tsardom" and "not inherent in Sovietdom." This wonderland of Christian love and material plenty, political freedom and moral beauty, of course, is located in the frontal lobe of the kind ecclesiastic's aging brain. But in the book it is identified, believe it or not, as the Soviet Union! What is more, in both England and America it is being offered to the public under the non-fiction classification.

For anyone who has actually lived in the Never-Never Land of

the good Dean's creation, reading his book is a weird experience. There are moments when you feel sure he is pulling your leg, but soon enough you realize that he is pulling his own. He actually *believes* that fear has been abolished in a nation where everyone spies on everyone else, where there is a GPU station functioning in every factory and institution, where there are more political prisoners than in the rest of the world put together, where purges and mass arrests and rigid censorships are everyday routines. Perhaps he thinks that the vast precautions to guard Stalin's life, the soldiers with fixed bayonets in front of every plant and office, the internal passport systems and other outward signs of the pervasive dreads under which Russians exist are merely decorations.

He *must* believe these things, since no man could work up the cynicism to present such absurdities as facts without having a virginal conscience in the matter. Those who lie about such things are never quite so emphatic and extreme. They either slur over difficult facts or resort to double-talk. Louis Fischer never denied or ignored the prison camps and their millionfold population; he referred to them cutely as an educational institution for reform by labor.

Walter Duranty and Hindus did not deny the man-made famine, but hinted at it, with a verbal wink, as "deaths from the diseases of undernourishment" and "difficulties" respectively.

But Dean Johnson, with the boldness of a good conscience, doesn't mention such "blemishes" at all, but celebrates the "complete equality" which he found in Stalin's prison-domain. On the basis of exhaustive analysis of the Soviets' own statistics, Miss Gordon shows the "progressive inequality in the Soviet Union," adding that "Nowhere is the difference in wage scales among workers as great as in the 'Socialist State.'" By reducing ruble figures to real values in purchasing power, she finds that "real wages had dropped below the 1913 standard." Economic equality is not even regarded as desirable any longer under the Stalinist code, but as a piece of "petty bourgeois romanticism." As for political equality, the gradations of power under the dictatorship are really fantastic. But the dizzy Dean — dizzy with wishful thinking — intones hallelujahs for this curious "equality."

It is certain also that Dean Johnson really thinks the Soviet Plan "creates a new sense of ownership." Of course, he might find it hard to

explain why, under those circumstances, it should be necessary to make the stealing of state property (which means nearly anything in Russia) *punishable by death*. In the face of the show trials and mass executions without trial he finds it possible to write, blandly, that there is "no Opposition Party" in Russia — because no opposition exists! That, literally, is his explanation for the one-party "elections" under the "new form of democracy." In exalting the new Stalin Constitution — which more sophisticated Stalinists prefer to forget, to avoid embarrassment — he does not mention that its chief author, Bukharin, and some two-thirds of his co-authors have been "liquidated." The heaped-up nonsense is crowned with a statement to the effect that the Soviet Plan "discourages lies, deceit and sabotage." Somehow he has actually missed the fact that it is Russia's endless struggle with the phenomenon which has popularized the word "sabotage" the world over.

And having drawn this ludicrously unreal picture, the starry-eyed Dean adds piously: "There is need to guard against a too rosy and optimistic view of life in the Soviet Union." He actually thinks he has been restrained!

How could any sane person, even in a brief visit, remain so completely befuddled? I asked the question of one of the foreign correspondents in Moscow, Spencer Williams, an American who was also writing for the Manchester *Guardian*. His answer is too hot to be cited in full, but here are excerpts:

Foreign correspondents in Moscow, like myself, didn't have much chance to get at the Dean of Canterbury during his visit to Moscow because the Russian stage-setters kept him too occupied inspecting their Potemkin Villages for him to be available to the foreign colony. It was quite obvious to all of us that they realized they had a prize package delivered to them — God and the Church of England's gift to VOKS [Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries] — and they weren't going to take any chances on having his childlike trustfulness exploded by contact with foreigners who lived with the Great Experiment every day — and especially the rude skeptics of the foreign press. We did gather from gossip reaching us that some stage-managing and shifting extraordinary was under way. You know well enough, Gene, how they can isolate and stuff and flatter a good catch.

I considered the idea of working up an interview with the Dean on what he had seen in the USSR, for the London *Daily Herald* and the Manchester

Guardian. A couple of minutes' conversation with him led me to shift my notebook quietly from my hand back into my pocket. I could find his line word for word in the *Moscow News*. It was clear that he had been taken for a ride by the VOKS boys.

The Dean, I believe, was sincere, but a victim of his own other-worldly innocence. Unfortunately, this seemed to be simple-minded, not only to the realistic foreign residents but to the Russian hosts who were quite willing to exploit such weakness to their own advantage. The whole thing was really on the obscene side . . . like tripping up a cripple or making fun of the feeble-minded. Isn't it wonderful that people outside should actually publish and read the pathetic stuff!

And thus another coat of gilding has been put on the towering myth of a happy "socialist" Russia, this time by the trembling hand of a well-meaning ecclesiastic. Nothing Stalin has done or will do — nothing that the Manya Gordons and Freda Utleys can do to assemble and explain the facts — will make any difference. The myth does not rest on facts. It has its own engineering laws, and actually thrives on horror. Like other primitive religions, it must have its blood sacrifices to achieve a state of mystic bliss.



THE CHECK LIST

NON-FICTION

UNDER THE IRON HEEL, by Lars Moën. \$2.75. *Lippincott*. The quality of life in France, Belgium and Holland under the Nazi Occupation is conveyed simply, without emotional tantrums, in a first-rate book. We may expect a long series of books on existence in the conquered areas. Luckily the first of the breed sets a high standard. The author is an American scientist who has lived for a long period in totalitarian countries. His tribute to American democracy in a concluding chapter is therefore significant.

LANDSCAPE OF FREEDOM, by Mauritz A. Hallgren. \$3.50. *Howell, Soskin*. Mr. Hallgren's galloping panorama of personal liberty in the United States impels Americans to look homeward. It is an impressive record of the travail accompanying the birth of the liberties we now take for granted. When it is recalled that as late as 1925 a bill was introduced into the New Hampshire assembly to prohibit the use of powder and rouge and that only yesterday a Southern school teacher was arrested on the charge of "inciting to insurrection" for having a Negro attend a peace meeting at her home, the tenuous balance of liberty is drawn fine indeed. Mr. Hallgren is glum about the future, finding that at the beginning of the 'forties "the people as a whole were not nearly so enthusiastic about personal freedom as they had been even as recently as 1900."

THE BATTLE FOR ASIA, by Edgar Snow. \$3.75. *Random House*. Mr. Snow is an exciting and adventurous reporter. Where his book sticks to reporting — the Japanese occupation of Peking, China's *blitz* industry, China's Japanese sympathizers, etc. — it is very, very good. But when he assumes the roles

of philosopher, politician and Communist "fellow-traveller," his tale bogs down. Among Mr. Snow's sounder ideas is his advice to the Western democracies to breathe life into their friends in the East by carrying out "a program of democratic mobilization in order to release the full war potential of the subject peoples." This, however, does not prevent him from anticipating and justifying a pact between Russia and Japan. But, writes Mr. Snow, "until such a pact is signed, or even afterward, there would seem to be nothing to prevent the United States from seeking some basis of cooperation with Russia, thus nullifying any diplomatic advantage Japan might thereby gain." Mr. Snow's difficulty is that he can't make up his mind which team he's coaching.

BEHIND GOD'S BACK, by Negley Parson. \$3.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. Mr. Parson got malaria in Africa but he also accumulated enough dope to make a thumping good book. He sees events in shadings and not alone in black and white. For the cliché-mongers he points out that there is more than one kind of imperialism — sometimes, as in British Uganda, it works out quite well for the natives; other times, as in the Belgian Congo, it's merely totalitarianism with a high temperature.

IN CHINA NOW, by Winifred Galbraith. \$2.50. *Morrow*. Sympathetic sketches of coolies, peasants, and missionaries, confronted by bombing raids, Communists and Japanese. This is delicate, earnest portraiture not easily forgotten. The tale of Wang Wen and his beloved sow is as piquant a story as has come out of the shambles of the East.

ENGLAND SPEAKS, *A Symposium by Eight Englishmen*. \$1.75. *Macmillan*. Representa-

tives of Right, Left and Center shake a collective head and state the familiar reasons why Germany must be defeated. The Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P., sums it up simply: "A victory for Hitler would mean the destruction of social services, of Trade Unionism, and of the standards of life we have established for our families."

TOWARD FREEDOM, by Jawaharlal Nehru. \$4.00. *Day*. The publication of Nehru's autobiography presents a curious paradox. While the Indian leader is imprisoned in India, the British Government nevertheless permitted the final chapters of his book to leave India uncensored. Jailed by the British, Nehru continues to fight Naziism, hoping that India will become "a united, free, democratic country, closely associated in a world federation with other free nations." Nehru, in line to succeed the little Mahatma, may be the key to the new India.

LABOUR'S AIMS IN WAR AND PEACE, by the Leaders of the British Labour Party. \$1.75. *School Press*. No mealy-mouthed sentiments here. John Bull, worker, says what he wants and means it. The Conference of the Labour Party at Bournemouth declared, "The Labour Party calls upon the nation to recognise that the day of the old order is done. . . . Only a bold Socialist planning of the foundations of our system can give us the faith and the power to meet the claims of those who will bring us victory. . . . Today we plan for the destructive tasks of War; the Labour Party insists that it is not less urgent to plan for the creative tasks of Peace." Required reading for those who think behind the headlines.

RECENT AMERICA, by Henry Bamford Parkes. \$4.50. *Crowell*. This history of the United States since 1900 is without flashes of marked originality but it fills a need for an unspectacular, bird's-eye survey of the last forty years. Mr. Parkes' knack for avoiding fanfare and sticking to simple statement amounts almost to genius. There is, however,

a failure to grasp the feel and significance of such movements as the I.W.W. and Technocracy; the latter is not even mentioned.

RIDDLE OF THE REICH, by Wythe Williams in collaboration with Albert Parry. \$2.75. *Prentice Hall*. A good reporter has gathered a mass of crucial facts about Germany in wartime. It makes irresistible reading, although there will inevitably be wide differences of opinion on his interpretations and forecasts.

RENO, by Max Miller. \$3.00. *Dodd, Mead*. Anything that Max Miller writes is good journalism and nice romantic reading. Here he has made a good try at analyzing "The Biggest Little City in the World", seeing it as a last ember of the Old West as well as a sin-spot and a divorce mill. His analysis is something less than booklength, however, and the rest of the volume is a capable but slight rehash of local history and *mores*.

MAN — THE MECHANICAL MISFIT, by G. H. Estabrooks. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. *Homo sapiens* gets another rubdown from one of our dirge-chanting professors. His pelvis is bad and getting worse; his teeth aren't standing up and his brain has let him in for a mess of trouble. Riding on Civilization's bus cluttered with the hereditary feeble-minded, the halt and the blind whom science keeps alive to go and breed some more, we are all careening to certain extinction. Dr. Estabrooks foresees a relentless nature wiping the slate clean of man, as in earlier millenniums she got rid of the sea scorpion, the dinosaur and the thunder beast.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF THE ITALIAN PEOPLE, by Joseph Spencer Kennard. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. An uneven story studded with passages of colorful insight. The author has an authentic intimacy with his materials and a warm feeling for the zest and passion of Italian letters, but the quality of the work is lowered by a foolish and unfounded sympathy for Mussolini expressed in the final chapter.

Il Duce "has perfected the organization and discipline of the people until the country has been given a unity and a cohesion never before attained. . . . Sacrifice of other values has been made, but one must hope that this is only a temporary phenomenon." This "temporary phenomenon" has caused the exile of Italy's greatest living writers and the virtual strangling of her literary life. Mr. Kennard does not bother to go into that.

FICTION

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND, by George Sessions Perry. \$2.00. *Viking*. Mr. Perry sold the first story he ever wrote to the *Saturday Evening Post*. That has in no wise prejudiced his style or his rich, earthy talent. His present novel is as solid as Texas bottom-land and as salty as herring. Wage-farmer Sam Tucker needs no psychological shindigs to keep him interesting.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW, by John Buchan. \$2.50. *Houghton, Mifflin*. In his avocational career of a writer of adventure stories, John Buchan created a whole aviary of prosperous, successful, well-turned-out Englishmen of rank who were the heroes of his thrillers. In this book he takes one of them, Sir Edward Leithen, through his last adventure to his death in the Northwest Territory. The adventure, as adventure, is slight and hardly carries the weight of moral mysticism that the author loads it with. But Sir Edward's quest for a missing financier and his saving of an Indian tribe are not the important part of *Mountain Meadow*. John Buchan could write the English language and his descriptions of Canada from the woods of Quebec to the desolation of the Arctic muskeg are beautiful and exciting.

DAGGER OF THE MIND, by Kenneth Fearing. \$2.00. *Random House*. Even crochety old connoisseurs who like their detective stories strictly along classic lines will enjoy this psychological "whodunit." Mr. Fearing mixes very funny satire about an "artists' colony" with a couple of properly gory and appropri-

ately intellectual killings and writes the whole works beautifully.

STEVIE, by Benedict Thielen. \$2.00. *Dial*. Mr. Thielen's Stevie, a denizen of the *New Yorker* magazine, is another four-letter heel in the style of Ring Lardner and John O'Hara's "Pal Joey." These eleven stories about him are good enough to turn your stomach but lack Lardner's humanity and O'Hara's clinical sharpness.

SALT OF THE EARTH, by Victor Holmes. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Disguised autobiography of a country editor who gives a Rover Boys version of Spoon River. Plenty of corner store dialogue and homespun philosophy for those who like their corn on the cob.

LEST DARKNESS FALL, by L. Sprague de Camp. \$2.50. *Henry Holt*. Light, fantastic story of a Twentieth Century little man transported to Rome of the Sixth Century. Sprightly reading with some archaeological lore thrown in.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY

THE BROKEN SPAN, by William Carlos Williams. \$1.00. *New Directions*.

SPRING WILL NOT FAIL, by Madeline Benedict. \$1.00. *Banner Press*.

THE MAN ON THE QUEUE, by Sidney Alexander. \$1.50. *James A. Decker*.

PAINTER'S PALETTE, by Charles Joseph Rider. \$1.50. *Banner Press*.

PREMA-GITA, translated by Howard V. Sutherland. \$1.00. *Falcon Press*.

SHARP SCORPIONS, by Wrey Gardiner. 3/6d net. *Grey Walls Press*.

CORONADO, by Pearle R. Casey. \$2.00. *Banner Press*.

CITY SUITE, by Kenneth L. Beaudoin. \$.50. *Black Faun Press*.

GREEN BRANCHES, by Samuel J. Looker. 2/6d net. *Grey Walls Press*.

THE END OF A DECADE, by Harry Brown. \$1.00. *New Directions*.

THE OPEN FORUM

IN DEFENSE OF PSYCHIANA

SIR: As the country's number one religious lunatic, crackpot, and racketeer, may I reply briefly to the Frank S. Mead article in your March issue. I am glad Dr. Mead recognizes the fact that millions are leaving the orthodox churches because they do not find there what they want. But does this signify they are all lunatics? Have they not the right, as Americans, to search for truth wherever they choose to? I have in my files hundreds of thousands of real Americans who have left the churches because they found nothing of God in them. I have yet to see a case where one of these "lunatics" has returned. A recent analysis of 1000 of my Students disclosed the fact that 89 per cent of them were men and women in the higher intelligence bracket. They are making over \$3000 a year.

Dr. Mead goes on the assumption that the church has all the truths of God; outside of "orthodoxy" there is no truth. Yet, he says, seventeen millions have deserted the cause. More than that have deserted it, Dr. Mead. And still more will desert it. What this world is crying for is not the church — it is God. And if the Christian church cannot, or will not come to the people with a conception of God which the people can and will accept, it cannot squawk if men and women, good thinking Americans, by the million, desert it.

The "Psychiana" Movement is a religious corporation operating under Idaho law. It is a movement of international significance. My salary is \$750 a month. Until quite recently it was \$500 a month. I have twice refused offers of \$25,000 a year in the business world, and seven months ago I hovered between life and death as a result of a dangerous attack of coronary thrombosis. I must be a lunatic if I will do that for \$750 a month.

Dr. Mead said that he did not know of

many Students of "Psychiana" who were "capturing Doc's luck." Of course he doesn't know that. But if the good doctor will come to Moscow, Idaho, I'll show him so much evidence of the operations of the Spirit of God in human lives that he will begin to wonder who really is the "crackpot." More than 200,000 thinking Americans have left the orthodox church and come to me for the truths of God. They have found them as their sea of letters testifies. There are about 500,000 more who never have had any use for the church.

Dr. Mead pokes fun at the "Psychiana" Spiritual Blitzkrieg. Yet I'll warrant that if every member of "orthodoxy" did what a few hundred thousand "Psychiana" Students are doing, Hitler would not last very long. I'm not so sure that he will anyway. I might ask Dr. Mead what the churches are doing to stop this holocaust. He admits that Americans are leaving the institution by the million. Can it be that the American people are at last awakening to the fact that God must be a living Vital Entity — not some mythical being who was killed on a cross some 2000 years ago?

Religion must stand still. The age-old theories of "God in the sky," taught by our forefathers, must still be believed, according to Dr. Mead. Those who teach anything else are "on the lunatic fringe of religion." So says Dr. Mead. I am sorry, but I must disagree with him.

What is happening in this world is this: — for the first time in the history of the human race, men and women are beginning to think for themselves in the realm of religion. No longer are they accepting the pious pap of priests and preachers, which, in its entirety, is based on old unprovable traditions. They

are thinking. And as they think, and as they study with "lunatics," "crackpots" and "racketeers" like myself, they are discovering that God is a living Vital Power, operating right here, and operating entirely outside of "orthodoxy."

Let "orthodoxy" keep its creeds and its rituals if it will. Let it continue to teach its old unprovable dogmas. It will find out that as long as it does, millions will continue to leave it, and they will go where the truth is to be found, even though they have to go to "lunatics" to get it. At least, we "lunatics" have more than we can do. I don't print application blanks by the "tens of thousands," I print them by the 500,000. I buy envelopes by the 5,000,000 lot. I advertise in more than 1500 newspapers and 250 magazines, and I've been doing that for thirteen years. If all my students are "crackpots" and "lunatics," then I have U. S. Senators, Congressmen, governors of States, physicians, and the cream of the American people studying with me.

Now in conclusion I refer Dr. Mead to his own Bible, Acts 5, 38-39: "AND NOW I SAY UNTO YOU, REFRAIN FROM THESE MEN, AND LET THEM ALONE: FOR IF THIS COUNSEL OR THIS WORK BE OF MEN, IT WILL COME TO NOUGHT: BUT IF IT BE OF GOD, YE CANNOT OVERTHROW IT."

DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON

Moscow,
Idaho.

623

THE FREE STATE OF JONES

SIR: The alleged secession of Jones County, Mississippi, is a persistent myth. It has been given renewed currency by Craddock Goins' article in your January issue. Mr. Goins based his story on a paper by Goode Montgomery published in *The Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society*, Vol. VIII (1904). In fact, he takes whole phrases and clauses from this paper and gives other evidence that he was familiar with Montgomery's treatment. Yet he suppresses the latter's conclusion: that Jones County did not secede. Montgomery based his discussion on information from

Henry Parker, Postmaster at Ellisville all during the Confederacy, Ex-Governor Robert Lowry, Jasper Collins and W. W. Sumrall, first and second lieutenants in Knight's guerilla company. None of these knew anything about the so-called secession. The county government was not interrupted.

Newt Knight, about whom the story revolves, was not a native of Jones, but of Jasper County. After the war he returned to his home.

The secession legend was first printed, perhaps even invented, by G. Norton Galloway, historian of the Sixth Army Corps, in an article in *The Magazine of American History*, November, 1886. Galloway's thesis was proven false and absurd, but Professor A. B. Hart of Harvard wrote an essay based on Galloway giving the myth further circulation. Hart practically recanted in a letter to Montgomery, saying, "I feel doubtful now whether the evidence is sufficiently weighty to be so stated." Mr. Goins' article will therefore have to be put in the same category with Galloway's and Hart's, as unproven.

ALLEN CABANISS, PH.D.

Columbia,
Mississippi.

THE AUTHOR SPEAKS UP

SIR: Dr. Cabaniss' comment on my article is a reminder of the original problem I encountered when I tried to find out the facts of Captain Newt Knight's rebellion against the Confederacy — there are two passionate schools of thought. One paints a fantastic story of a regularly organized Jones County Congress that drew up articles of secession and made anti-Confederate laws, for which no foundation was ever found. The other group dashes wildly in the other direction by insisting that there was no rebellion at all. Somewhere in the middle of the road I found facts that show beyond doubt that Captain Knight and his followers left the Confederate service and took up arms in defense of their anti-slavery views.

I feel sure there never was any Jones County Congress — never any formal articles

of secession. But that an armed rebellion over the county could go on through the course of the Civil War struck me as being undeniably a secession. Hitler doesn't declare war, but he makes war. The men of Jones didn't have to write down their anti-slavery sentiments; they spoke emphatically from their rifles. I was gratified that Dr. Cabaniss noted the similarity between my understanding of the Jones County uprising and the views of Goode Montgomery. I have always believed Mr. Montgomery had a well-balanced view of the situation. Dr. Cabaniss is puzzlingly contradictory when he says, on one hand, that I borrow lavishly from Mr. Montgomery's 1904 article which he endorses, and still claims that I am cockeyed in calling a four-year armed rebellion a secession — which is about the same view Mr. Montgomery took, except that he objected to fantastic stories printed in other magazines in the past century, as do I. I believe no sensible man would expect me to avoid certain facts merely because somebody else discovered them before I did. As for borrowing phrases, I have tried my hardest many years to use expressions as fresh and original as possible, but after all English is the only language I write, and Dr. Cabaniss is one of many to find fault with the way I write it.

To say there was no Jones County secession would be the same as saying there was no war between Germany and Poland, or Russia and Finland. As for Knight living in Jasper County, the place where he lived was in Jones County until after the war, when it became part of Jasper County. My studies were not limited to Goode Montgomery's article. I spent about three months in the South Mississippi piney woods talking to many people about the Knight rebellion, including descendants of Knight's army. Here at the Mississippi capitol, where I do most of my writing, I have access to many reliable documents and see visitors from many parts of the state. One interesting visitor I talked to recently was a grandson of Jasper Collins, Captain Knight's first lieutenant, who did not share Dr. Cabaniss'

views that there was no secession. His only objection was that I didn't tell all of their hell-raising.

CRADDOCK GOINS

*Jackson,
Mississippi.*

Edward Winthrop Fenn of Malden, Mass., writes in connection with Mr. Goins' article, calling attention to Georgia Lee Tatum's *Disloyalty in the Confederacy* (University of North Carolina Press, 1934), which traces down various Jones County legends. "It is undoubtedly true that there was guerilla warfare in Jones County," says Mr. Fenn. "On the whole I do not feel that Mr. Goins has exaggerated this episode."

~*~

I HATE AGGRESSION

SIR: I hate Japanese, Italian and German aggression, but I do not hate it any worse than I did when Nanking was raped, or Prague was seized. I was one of the first who predicted it, preached that we should stop feeding it war materials, and urged that we build power of our own too strong for it to assail. I still feel the same way and urge the same things. But some people who couldn't get excited then have suddenly discovered that something is going on in the world and have made themselves completely responsible for what we should do about it. If I let their woeful lack of historical interpretation bother me or seem a little doubtful of their wisdom, they call me names.

I regard Hitler as a menace, but no worse menace now than before Munich. At that time the New York *Herald Tribune* thought he might be good for Germany! It is my judgment (and that of most sound neutral observers on the spot) that Hitler has passed his crest.

I hate Nazi aggression. But I was the first correspondent to foresee Soviet-Nazi collaboration, and I hate Soviet aggression just as deeply. I feel uncomfortable about self-styled patriots who shut their eyes to it or even whitewash it. I have a feeling that once the

United States is again involved in foreign expeditions and once Mr. Bevin or one of his associates has displaced Mr. Churchill in England, influences out of Russia may be more dangerous to democracy and Americanism than Hitler's fraying threats.

I know friends of British aristocracy who want America to intervene to save it, which is natural. I happen also to know socialists who have turned warlike and want America to intervene because they believe that the result, deeply desired by them, will be the destruction of both the American capitalist system and the British aristocracy.

Since the only predictable thing about wars like these is that their upshot is unpredictable, and the only certain thing is that all the dopesters will be wrong, and since whatever war effort the American people put forth will be disappointing to them in its results, I should like to see my country build and hoard its strength, take one step at a time — the first being to aid England at bay and no more — and give to our impetuous President power to execute one step at a time only.

Otherwise, I'm afraid we shall all be very sorry.

UPTON CLOSS

New York City.

IN BRIEF

Gregory J. Liston's article on a Midwestern Community Chest is challenged by a number of readers on the ground that "Central City's" Chest is not fairly representative. For instance, J. C. Marcus of Richmond, Va., and Haig Anlian, editor of *The United Amateur*, send detailed and favorable reports on the Richmond Community Fund and the Jersey City, N. J., Community Chest, with which these correspondents, respectively, are thoroughly familiar. "I do not believe," writes Dr. Ralph Reynolds from San Francisco, "that Mr. Liston's criticisms apply to the majority of the 400-odd Chests in the United States. For every dollar collected, the cost of collection and administration averages something like 8.5 cents throughout the nation. Prior to the time when Chests were organized this cost

was more nearly 40 cents to the dollar." . . . John T. Flynn's article predicting the coming of a totalitarian America has drawn more bouquets than brickbats. . . . E. B. Callahan of New York calls our editorial reply to Mr. Flynn "as meaningless as the views of the 'statesmen' like Donald Duck Ickes down in Washington. Largely because, I believe, you want to send an army to Europe but haven't the guts to say so. Let's organize a base and then a striking force before we get tough." Our reply to Mr. Flynn looked to a strong defense as this nation's best insurance for peace, and said, as we often have before, that America no longer had a free choice in the matter, as Mr. Flynn seemed to assume. . . . One would think the world was depressing enough, but Leon D. Kaufman of Los Angeles advises John Richmond, author of "Gypsy Rose Lee: Striptease Intellectual," to "attend Miss Lee's soiree and sit with his back towards her and watch the faces of the men in the audience." It seems like a harsh martyrdom to social science. . . . "The oldest hospital in America, as far as my researches go," writes Professor Milledge W. Bonham of Hamilton College, "is the Jesus Hospital in Mexico City, founded in 1524 and still functioning." Professor Bonham and Florence Greim of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, have a go at the interne who told Rackham Holt that Bellevue Hospital, New York City, was the first hospital in America, "founded in 1658." According to most historians Bellevue was founded in 1732 as an almshouse. The Pennsylvania Hospital, opened in 1751, purely for medical work, claims to be the first hospital in what is now the United States. Its regular "horse ambulance service" began in 1876 — later than Bellevue's.

Someone who didn't win a prize in the Church Letter Contest writes anonymously that he is consoled by the fact that "in a democracy, the majority determines the rightness of the issue. Therefore, I am justified in insisting that my letter was right; it was catalogued with the overwhelming majority." This bit of philosophy is published for the solace of others.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

EMIL ALTMAN, M.D., is one of the best known alienists in New York City, where he served as Chief Medical Examiner of the public school system for twenty-two years. Two months ago he retired from the official post and returned to full private practice. He is a Colonel in the Medical Reserve, U. S. Army.

BURNHAM CARTER is a member of the public relations firm of Ivy Lee and T. J. Ross. After graduating from Princeton in 1922 he taught at the Taft School for several years. His articles have appeared in many national magazines.

ERNEST O. HAUSER lived in the Orient for many years as a newspaper correspondent and revisited Japan, China and the Philippines in 1938-39. He is the author of *Shanghai, City for Sale*.

LADY JUDITH LISTOWEL is a distinguished European journalist. Hungarian born, she married a member of the British House of Lords, the Fifth Earl of Listowel, in 1933. She arrived in the United States in February from London, where she was active in war work.

DORIS McFERRAN is a free-lance writer now living in Hollywood. Asked how she came to know about truck drivers, she writes: "That, I suppose, is brazen female curiosity. I like people, and I like to know about them . . . so I go in search of them and ask questions."

JOHN RICHMOND has been in these pages in recent issues with word portraits of

Lucius Beebe, Ely Culbertson and Gypsy Rose Lee. His home is in New York City.

HARRY SALPETER, formerly on the staff of the old *New York World*, has been contributing articles — chiefly on American art — to the outstanding magazines. He is the author of *Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell* and has conducted radio programs devoted to books and authors.

S. L. SOLON is an editor of *Modern Quarterly* and a frequent contributor to other magazines.

KOSTA TODOROV, former Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs in the Stambouliniski government in his native Bulgaria, is now in America, working on a book about his melodramatic life as soldier, politician and writer.

JAN VALTIN achieved overnight fame with his remarkable best-selling autobiography *Out of the Night*, which at this writing has sold a quarter of a million copies. Long before he was known to the general public, readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY knew him through his article "Communist Agent" in the November 1939 issue. He is now at work on a sequel to *Out of the Night*.

JAMES FRANK VLAMOS is a young New Yorker who specializes on articles on economic and sociological subjects.

JEROME WEIDMAN, whose latest book is *Letter of Credit*, manages to hold down a job in the editorial department of Simon & Schuster while turning out a steady stream of brilliant short stories.



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Verdi—Requiem Mass (Victor Album M-734, \$10.50). The Church and the Dead celebrate in an exciting and heartfelt entertainment, the simplest and deepest setting of a Requiem by any composer. This performance, with the voices of Caniglia, Stignani, Gigli and Pinz at their best, and the chorus and orchestra of the Royal Opera at Rome altogether alert to the electric direction of Tullio Serafin, is good enough to be definitive, while the recording is lucid and the surfaces noiseless.

Tschaikowsky—Symphony No. 6, in B Minor, 'Pathétique' (Victor Album M-553, \$6.50): An interpretation by Wilhelm Furtwaengler of the utmost dramatic force, obtained without affront to the score, and with the maintenance of beautiful length in the lyric line. The excellent choirs of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra have been balanced with a rare recording skill that displays their full values constantly, piano or forte, alone or concerted.

Wagner—Overture to Die Meistersinger (Victor Album M-731, \$2.50). A marvelous recording of the gorgeous tonal bloom of the Philadelphia Orchestra, recommended here as a great technical achievement. The laggy pace of the conductor, Leopold Stokowski, seems not acceptable for an exposition of the greater glory of this Overture.

Mozart—Concerto for Two Pianos, K 365 (Victor Album M-732, \$3.50). The bright recording is kinder to the efficiency of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted from the keyboard by José Iturbi, than to the harsh piano tone of Mr. Iturbi and Amparo Iturbi, playing a cheerful work with an enthusiasm unmolested by subtlety. The version by the two Schnabels (Victor Album M-484) is certainly better.

c.g.b.

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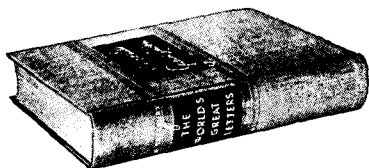
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Ernest Hemingway's new novel, *SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL*, was the Club's November choice. No book in recent years has received such warm praise from all critics.



Willa Cather's new novel, *SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL*, is her first book in five years. The scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; "indubitably as good a decade hence as today."



Van Wyck Brooks' *NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER* is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than *The Flowering of New England*. It was our judges' choice last year.



Franz Werfel's *EMBEZZLED HEAVEN*, the Club's December book — "a magnificent character study" of a lowly woman that leaves one comforted and inspired.



William Saroyan's new book, *MY NAME IS ARAM*, is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's *Life With Father*.



Jan Struther's new book, *THE VER*, is a author to Americans — it is a widely induced, as many authors have been in the past, when the book was chosen.

THE latest book that is exciting book-readers everywhere is *OUT OF THE NIGHT*, by Jan Valtin. Within three weeks after publication it

jumped into top place on the national non-fiction "best-seller" list. This list represents only book-readers are actually buying in the s

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